THE BOOKMAN

A Journal of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The most important literary event of the month has been the publication of *The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett*, 1845-1846—a brief period, to be sure, yet it takes two bulky volumes to contain the collection—such a collection of love letters as hitherto seemed beyond the range of practical literature. When we say that no letter ever passed between the two poets after the day of their marriage, the unique character of this collection is at once apparent.

We have the most touching record of Mr. Browning's experience, after the crushing sorrow of his wife's death fell upon him, from a very dear friend of the Brownings, Miss Isa Blagden, under whose roof the poet lived while the sad duties connected with his wife's burial still kept him in Florence. "He at least gave her [Miss Blagden] cause to deny," says Mrs. Orr in her *Life of Robert Browning*, "what has been so often affirmed, that great griefs are necessarily silent. She always spoke of this period as her 'apocalyptic month,' so deeply poetic were the ravings which alternated with the simple human cry of the desolate heart, 'I want her, I want her!'"

One extract—a tribute to his wife—from Browning's letters to Miss Blagden ought not surely to be forgotten. "But *no*, dearest Isa. The simple truth is that *she* was the poet and I the clever person by comparison—remember her limited experience of all kinds, and what she made of it. Remember, on the other hand, how my uninterrupted health and strength and practice with the world have helped me. . . ."

We feel sure that our readers will appreciate the fact that so delicate a task as the handling of the Browning Love

ALICE MEYNELL.

Letters has been undertaken for us by Mrs. Alice Meynell, the charming essayist, whom Mr. Coventry Patmore placed "in the very front rank of living writers in prose." In this same number we also give a brief review of Mrs. Meynell's new volume of essays published by Mr. John Lane. It is of Mrs. Meynell's essays that Mr. Meredith has said

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that "they leave a sense of still singing in the mind they fill;" and another critic no less appreciative observes that her style has the inevitableness of slow melodies from Mozart.

We have been permitted to reproduce a photograph of a recently finished bust of Mr. Zangwill by Mr. Leo Mielziner of Boston. The bust is an enticing bit of rich green bronze, scarcely more than nine inches high even including its golden pedestal of Sienna marble, its littleness adding a certain intimate charm without lessening the freshness of its handling or its full sense of colour, which is the essential distinction of modern sculpture. Mr. Mielziner has not arrived at his interpretation of Zangwill without learning to appreciate him fully as a thinker and artist, a citizen of the world, and a man of infinite personal charm. Mr. Zangwill has a face peculiarly attractive to painters and sculptors, with its grotesque, rugged, impassive, and swarthy countenance framed in a waving mass of jet black hair—a face that shows not only the deep furrows of the student and thinker, but which also expresses the fresh ideals and unfathomed powers of early manhood. The author's features are so generally immobile that one does not miss in the bust a suggestion of his irrepressible *esprit*.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

From a small bronze by Leo Mielziner. Boston.

Apropos of the imputation of egotism placed upon Mr. Zangwill by people with less wit than self-importance, an amusing story is told of him in a western town. At a luncheon given him by some people who were strangers to him, he was treated as the Great Man, and his most indifferent or flippant remark was received with grave interest and tossed about the table to the death of any general conversation. After the luncheon his hostess asked him to write something in her little boy's diary so that the Little Man might always remember the day when he saw the great writer. Mr. Zangwill turned over the leaves of the diary, reading here and there under their respective dates, "Got a reward of merit," "Had a birthday party," "Tonsilitis," and so forth, and then he wrote: "December —, Zangwillitis."

Mr. Zangwill suddenly changed his plans and instead of remaining in this country until the spring as he originally intended to do, he sailed for England on the 25th of February. On the evening previous he was present with Mr. Hamlin Garland as the guest of the Nineteenth Century Club at Delmonico's. "The Novel" was the subject of discussion, and both authors agreed so well upon the functions of art in fiction that the members had to forego the usual argumentative entertainment which usually follows the opening of the discussion. Mr. Zangwill's remarks were taken for the most part from his lecture on "Fiction as the Highest Form of Truth," which he delivered here on several occa-

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sions, and among some of the more quotable things were the following:

Behind the great novel lies all the brain work which makes the historian and essayist, plus the magic work of creation. The historian deals with people who happen to have got known. The novelist deals with the nameless myriads. His characters are the shorthand of humanity. Fiction is not only the fullest but the highest truth. The novelist is not only a scientist but an artist. He has to stimulate the sense of beauty.

Humour is a true way of reading life. Humour is the smile in the eyes of wisdom. Without humour I hold that there can be no great novel of life.

The average novel is only worthy to be dramatised by the average dramatist.

Mr. Zangwill has dramatised his *King of the Schnorrers*, and is now engaged on an adaptation from *The Children of the Ghetto*. According to the last quotation, therefore, both as novelist and dramatist Mr. Zangwill must be above the average.

Apropos of our review of *Wild Animals I Have Known*, in the last number of THE BOOKMAN, we may say that the persons to whom Mr. Thompson read his "wolf story" some years ago met in Professor James Mavor's study in Toronto University, and it was Professor Mavor who induced Mr. Thompson to write out his story—the first in the book—and send it to *Scribner's Magazine*.

Mr. Thompson has expressed a strong admiration for *Bob, Son of Battle*, another animal story which is meeting with a wide appreciation. The Doubleday and McClure Company announce that the book is now in its fourth thousand.

Dr. Watson has lost none of the popularity which was accorded him on his first visit to this country. Wherever he has appeared on the platform since his recent arrival in New York he has met with hearty appreciation, and his audiences have been as before unusually large. Only one lecture was delivered in New York besides a Lenten address on "The Face of Christ," which was accompanied with stereopticon views. Dr. Watson has now gone West under the direction of Major Pond, and he will deliver his lectures along the Pacific Coast until the beginning of May, when he returns to the East and is due to sail for England on the tenth of that month.

A new book by Mr. Robert Barr, entitled *The Strong Arm*, which is said to contain some "good fighting" along the Rhine and the Moselle, will be published in May by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. The publishers are highly gratified with the success of *Tekla*, his latest novel, and they say that his work is increasing in popularity. We give a new portrait of Mr. Barr from a photograph taken in Buffalo last year.

ROBERT BARR.

We have watched with interest the progress of Mr. Robert W. Chambers's work as a novelist, and it has been gratifying to observe the development of certain qualities which were seen in the rough in the sketches published under the title *The King in Yellow* some five years ago. In that book one could discern that the terrible and the abnormal

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had a fascination for him—"eccentricity, madness, murder, struggles to the death of individuals and States, the attitude of men and women in times of stir and strife—these are the things that attract him." He has brought to the portrayal of these themes "a gift of narrative, a picturesque expression, and a vivid, if somewhat rough, insight into character that removes him from the ranks of those who try to conceal weakness of

Robert W. Chambers

characterisation in a plethora of incident." He has written some half dozen books since *The King in Yellow* found a publisher, for the story goes that it went begging for some time; but three of these may be singled out as representing Mr. Chambers's best work in fiction. We understand that his love of history and romance, and particularly of recent French history, led him to plan a series of four novels, three of which have been published under the titles *The Red Republic*, *Lorraine*, and *Ashes of Empire*, and he is at present engaged on the fourth, which is to treat of the Southern invasion of France co-eval with the Siege of Paris. He has taken rapid strides in each successive book, and his *Ashes of Empire* is decidedly in advance of his previous work, and shows how rapidly Mr. Chambers is gaining ground as a novelist. This last novel of his, published by the Messrs. Macmillan in London, has met with unanimous praise from the English critics.

Mr. Chambers is a New Yorker, his father being Judge Chambers, one of the founders of the Century Club. He started out in life as an artist and spent some years studying in Paris, where he figured prominently amongst the American colony of artists. He still paints a great deal, and his studio looks more like that of an artist than of an author. He did a good deal of journalistic work in his earlier years, besides painting, and he contributed a series of articles on army topics to the New York *Times*, which attracted some attention. We note with keen interest that Mr. Chambers has been turning his attention to New York life for some time past, and that it is his intention to write a series of novels about the metropolis, the first of which he has just completed. It is to be called *Outsiders*, and will be published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company in the course of next month; so that one more name will have been added to the list of those who have attempted to depict certain distinctive phases of New York life in fiction.

The volume of poems by Dora Sigerson Shorter which was postponed last autumn has now been published, and the title has been changed to read *My Lady's Slipper and Other Poems*. Mrs. Shorter does not make the acquaintance of her American audience for the first time, for a previous volume of poems entitled *The*

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Fairy Changeling was issued for her by Mr. John Lane over a year ago. Mrs. Shorter is the daughter of a distinguished Celtic scholar and man of letters, and she has been recognised for some years as a poet of undoubted promise. But even those who most admire her early work were not altogether prepared for such evidence of intellectual growth, such strength and originality as are to be found in her last two volumes. Her first book of verses was published in 1893. Mrs. Shorter may be said to have rediscovered the almost lost secret of successful ballad writing. There is no mistaking the strength and the sureness of her touch in this rare art. Celtic as Mrs. Shorter is to the core, a curious affinity may be traced in her to our best New England poet. One could readily believe of her that much of her work was first chanted to the accompaniment of a rude harp, with the firelight flashing red and fitful on mail-clad warriors. Mrs. Shorter's maiden name would certainly imply that she is of Norse as well as of Irish lineage, and it would be difficult to find among the work of other women poets so much of the adventurous spirit of the Viking. A woman's fingers penned the lines which we quote from Mrs. Shorter's stirring lyric, "A Vagrant Heart," but the blood that warms those fingers, still tingles with the salt that embrined the blood of her sea-born ancestors:

Oh, to be a woman! to be left to pique and pine,
When the winds are out and calling to this vagrant heart of mine.
Whisht! it whistles at the windows, and how can I be still?
There! the last leaves of the beech-tree go dancing down the hill.
All the boats at anchor, they are plunging to be free—
Oh, to be a sailor and away across the sea!
Ochone! to be a woman, only sighing on the shore—
With a soul that finds a passion for each long breaker's roar,
With a heart that beats as restless as all the winds that blow—
Thrust a cloth between her fingers and tell her she must sew;
Must join in empty chatter, and calculate with straws—

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

For the weighing of our neighbour—for the sake of social laws.

Oh, chatter, chatter, chatter, when to speak is misery,
When silence lies around your heart, and night is on the sea.
So tired of little fashions that are root of all our strife,
Of all the petty passions that upset the calm of life.

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C. LEWIS HIND,

The Editor of "The Academy."

The law of God upon the land shines steady for all time;
The laws confused that man has made have reason not nor rhyme.

The seas that shake and thunder will close our mouths one day,
The storms that shriek and whistle will blow our breaths away,
The dust that flies and whitens will mark not where we trod.
What matters then our judging? We are face to face with God.

Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War has just been published in England by Mr. Grant Richards, and we notice in the latest batch of newspapers that has come to us, that the book is meeting with a very flattering reception there.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have just published a rather original romance entitled *The Enchanted Stone*, by the editor of the *Academy*. It is a proof of uncommon skill that two apparently incongruous motives and two wholly differing moods have met and combined in this clever book. The incidents are as unforeseen and almost as dazzling as those of the *Arabian Nights*. The pursuit of the famous jewel by mysterious Orientals and enterprising English journalists would make an excellent story by itself. Mr. Hind has woven a romance out of materials that are at once fantastic, audacious and pathetic.

Mr. C. Lewis Hind was born in 1862. He was sub-editor of the *Art Journal* from 1887 to 1892, and then editor of the *Pall Mall Budget* for two years. In 1896 he became the editor of the *Academy*, which position he still occupies. He has also contributed a large number of articles, stories and art criticisms to various magazines and papers. The *Academy* in his hands has become the brightest and most readable of all the literary periodicals in Great Britain, and is perhaps more widely read and quoted here than any other English journal of its class.

Mr. William Archer, the distinguished dramatic and literary critic, arrived in

WILLIAM ARCHER.

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New York last month for the purpose of writing a short series of articles on the stage in America, to be published later in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. As intercourse between the English and American stage has drawn the profession on both sides more closely together, the results of Mr. Archer's observations and study of the stage in this country should be of immense interest to theatre-goers on both sides of the Atlantic. This latest move on the part of the *Pall Mall Magazine* is a further evidence of the quickened interest and enterprise which it is taking in the important questions of the hour. We reproduce herewith a portrait of Mr. Archer.

Mr. Archer had been long enough in New York before we went to press to observe that a number of plays appearing on the New York stage at the present moment are not adapted for production in London, which would seem to indicate a certain radical difference not easily removed. A striking example of this difference has been exemplified in the extraordinary popularity of *Trelawny of the "Wells,"* which was put on at the Lyceum last October and has only now been withdrawn; and this has not been because of a decrease of interest in the play, but on account of its having to make way for the production of other pieces. It may not be generally known on this side that when *Trelawny* was produced in London last season it met with scant approval at the hands of both public and critics, and only appeared for a short time. In the face of this, it is to Mr. Daniel Frohman's credit that he pinned his faith to the play and not only produced it on this side, but anticipated a long run for it.

Mr. Archer is known to be a devout admirer of Ibsen. What is particularly characteristic of Ibsen, in Mr. Archer's opinion, is not "tendency," as we have been accustomed to think, but fancy and psychology. Mr. Archer believes that Ibsen has had a strong influence on English drama, and has not only directed the taste of the public toward serious plays, but has also affected the playwrights. Ibsen's great influence in Germany is also remarkable. We note, by the way, that Sudermann's *Magda* does not seem to agree with Mr. Archer. The play was appearing in New York when Mr. Archer arrived, and it seems to have been one of the first to meet with his disapprobation.

The disciples of Ibsen are experiencing considerable disappointment at the delay of his new play which, according to the arrangements made, was due early this year. In the meantime we seek to console them with the accompanying pedestrian sketch of the great master.

Merely because it is a matter relating to literary ethics we note a little incident that has lately caused some widespread comment. The *Evening Post* of this city not long ago editorially spoke of a book

HENRIK IBSEN.

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by Mr. Brander Matthews, and in doing so managed (1) to make a criticism which showed that the editorial writer had not read the book which he was criticising; (2) to assert that the book had been similarly criticised in French by M. René Doumic, whereas the French critic was really another person altogether, nor had he made that particular criticism at all; and (3) to give what purported to be an original quotation from the French review, whereas no such words occur in it. To all this Mr. Matthews not unnaturally objected in a letter written to the *Post*, asking mildly if this sort of thing were not "journalism"; whereupon the editor published a reply to the effect that "joking with Mr. Matthews is a matter of such extreme difficulty that we renounce it from this date." We do not wish to stir the troubled waters of this controversy any further by comment of our own; yet we must say that joking which involves misrepresentation, misquotation, and *fourberie littéraire* is so likely to be taken for something else by the public at large that it would seem to be desirable for the *Post* hereafter to label all such of its merry jests as are of this particular variety.

Mr. Stephen Crane's new volume of verse is to take its title, *War is Kind*, from the initial poem which, by the way, originally appeared in the pages of this magazine. It is being illustrated by Mr. Will H. Bradley, who has grown very enthusiastic over Mr. Crane's work, so that we may expect something very brilliant from the pencil of this original young artist. The book will probably not be ready until next month. Mr. Crane has returned to his old quarters at Oxted, near London, and is finishing a novel which he hopes to have ready for publication this spring.

Mr. George Gissing has recently finished a new novel, which is said to be still further away from his dismal studies of life than was *The Town Traveller*. It deals with the upper middle classes; it is distinctly optimistic, and the love story is not only charming in its episodes but ends quite happily. Incidentally Mr. Gissing deals with some of the problems of the hour that are seriously engaging the attention of the public. Mr. Gissing, we learn, is making good progress with the edition of Dickens which he is preparing for the English publishers, Messrs. Methuen and Company.

A rhymed criticism, very clever and very severe, of Mr. Hardy's *Wessex Poems*, has appeared in an English contemporary, from which we quote the following lines as a sample of this novel method of reviewing:

"Five hundred guns began the affray,
On next day morn at nine;
Such mad and mangling cannon-play
Had never torn human line."

In the second line there are just three feet,—
quite like the arms of Man,
But I'll give a copper penny to the chap who
can make that last one, which is an outrage on the feelings, come anywhere near
to scan.

"And changing anew my on-bearer"—that
last is *his* word for a horse,
Quite true as a matter of fact, but not quite
as a matter of course.
But there! I'm tired of the chap, someone
else must "on-bear" him to fame,
Unless he'll go back to his novels, which
brought him a really good name.

By the oddest of chances he's managed
exactly to state his own case,
In the shape of a queer sort of question, which
answers itself to its face:

"Has some vast Imbecility
Mighty to build and blend
But impotent to tend
Framed them in jest, and left them now to
hazardry?"

The bibliographers of Mr. George Meredith will be interested to hear of a discovery, or at least a partial discovery, which it is for them to complete. It has been thought that Mr. Meredith's first-published production was a copy of verses entitled "Chilian Wallah," published originally in *Chambers's Journal*. A letter, however, has turned up in which Mr. Meredith mentions that previously to this he had published an article on Kossuth. It would be interesting to know where that article appeared.

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Mr. William Dean Howells, whose new story, *Ragged Lady*, has just been published by the Messrs. Harper, appears this month in THE BOOKMAN'S Literary Sculpture Gallery.

Dr. Conan Doyle's adaptation of *Sherlock Holmes* will present an entirely new story of this most discerning and admirable detective. Dr. Doyle very wisely saw that he could not knit the old stories together and form a dramatic play. He has therefore made Sherlock Holmes the centre of a new story, and has developed the character of that silent but exceedingly far-seeing person. No doubt Mr. Gillette was born to play Sherlock Holmes, at least that is his opinion, and it is principally for him, we understand, that the play has been written. It is a most interesting theatrical event to anticipate, and Mr. Gillette's numerous admirers in England as well as in America will await the arrival of the production with pleasurable expectation.

We understand that Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company have arranged with Mrs. Humphry Ward to write introductions for a new edition of the works of the Brontës. Mrs. Ward has recently paid a visit to Haworth and carefully examined the scenes associated with the Brontë sisters. Her sympathy with the Brontës has already been shown in *David Grieve*.

A very timely bird book for young people has just made its appearance from the press of Messrs. Ginn and Company. The text has been written by Mr. J. H. Stickney, who has had the able assistance of Mr. Ralph Hoffmann, a director in the Audubon Society for the Protection of Birds. But the principal point of attraction lies in the illustrations which have been made from drawings by Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson. The book is one that we can heartily commend for the use of young readers.

Last June we published the portrait of a young Italian girl about whom there was a certain air of mystery. "Kassandra Vivaria" was the author of a rather remarkable but immature romance called *Via Lucis*, which came with an enthusiastic recommendation from Gabriele D'Annunzio. More recently curiosity has been piqued by the publication of a series of letters from the same writer in one of the London dailies. Now the mystery is dispelled and "Kassandra Vivaria" turns out to be Magda Stuart Sindici, or rather was, for she was married to her English publisher a few weeks ago, and is now Mrs. William Heinemann. We wish to extend our congratulations to Mr. Heinemann.

We notice that a correspondent in the *Westminster Gazette* has found an interesting parallel between a passage in Mr. Browning's first love letter to his wife and two stanzas in his exquisite poem, "By the Fireside," written much later. This is the passage:

> You were too unwell, and now it is years ago, and I feel as at some untoward passage in my travels, as if I had been close, so close, to some world's-wonder in chapel or crypt, *only a screen to push* and I might have entered, but there was some slight, so it seems, *slight and just sufficient bar* to admission, and the half-opened door shut, and I went home my thousands of miles and the sight was never to be.

These are the stanzas:

Had she willed it, still had stood the screen,
So slight, so sure 'twixt my love and her.
I could fix her face with a guard between,
And find her soul as when friends confer—
Friends, lovers that might have been.

A moment after and hands unseen
Were hanging the night around us fast,
But we knew that a bar was broken between
Life and life, we were mixed at last,
In spite of the mortal screen.

Mr. Winston Churchill, whose first book, *The Celebrity*, made his name familiar to the reading public about a year ago, has written a novel of greater length and wider scope, which will be published by the Macmillan Company in May. It is entitled *Richard Carvel*, and covers the period between 1750 and 1780; but although the story begins on this side, most of the events take place in London, where the revolutionary strife is only heard in echoes. Some of the notable

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CYRANO EN ROUTE FOR THE MOON.

men of the time figure as characters in Mr. Churchill's novel.

We understand that Mr. Egerton Castle's new story, *Young April*, which was announced to appear this month, has been postponed until the autumn.

Mr. Edwin Pugh has written a new story which, though not a sequel, will be a sort of companion picture to *Tony Drum*. An article will be found on another page on "The Child of the Slums in Literature," in which *Tony Drum* as well as *Mordemly*, which story Mr. Andrew Lang particularly recommends, serves as a remarkable illustration of the evolution of the artist toward a profounder study of the seamy side of life.

Few novelists of to-day have fought so plucky an uphill fight as Mr. Edwin Pugh, the death of whose father, when Mr. Pugh was only thirteen, compelled the young novelist to turn out into the world and earn his own living. He served a very rough apprenticeship to iron, as at one time he worked fourteen hours a day in an iron factory; after which he was a clerk in London for eight years. Mr. Pugh attributes much of his success to the kindness of Madame Sarah Grand, whom he met in 1894, and who gave him the greatest help and encouragement.

Mr. Arthur Morrison, whose *Tales of Mean Streets* and *A Child of the Jago* were earlier contributions to slum literature, has been engaged for some time on a new novel, to be entitled *To London Town*. It will probably see the light late in the spring.

Those who have seen M. Rostand's play, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, will remember how Cyrano keeps the Comte de Guiche from entering Roxane's house during the quarter of an hour necessary for her marriage with Christian, by telling him of six marvellous methods he might have used to mount to the moon. It is amusing to find each of these methods described in the original *Voyage to the Moon*, written by Cyrano de Bergerac, often in the same words used by M. Rostand. We reproduce a copy of the seventeenth century engraving which pictures Cyrano employing the third of these methods—"throwing [himself] upward by successive explosions of saltpetre into the blue-spangled meadows where the stars seek pasture." Another passage which M. Rostand has used almost literally is the dissertation on "Noses."

Cyrano's *Voyage to the Moon* had been translated into English at least three times, and had passed through twenty-two editions in French before M. Rostand's play came to call renewed attention to it. Both as an extravaganza of the imagination and as a satire on the ways of mankind it deserves to stand close to *Gulliver's Travels*, which it seems to have inspired directly, especially in the Laputa chapters. It also offers interesting points of comparison with Poe's "Adventures of Hans Pfaal," not to mention Voltaire and Jules Verne. The Doubleday and McClure Company

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have done well to choose the seventeenth century translation for their interesting reprint of the book, since it has just the flavour needed to reproduce the impression of Cyrano's work. Its turns of phrase are often very picturesque, and it almost deserves to take rank among the famous old translations. There are two new portraits of Cyrano; one of them shows the other profile of the famous nose, and the other, reproduced herewith as less familiar, presents Cyrano in his study.

A new translation and a new reprint of the French text of *Cyrano de Bergerac* are soon to be issued in New York. The publishers of both are the Frederick Stokes Company, and it will be possible to have both the English and the French text under one cover. The new translator is Mr. Charles Renauld, a translation by whom of Coppée's *Pour la Couronne* was produced some time ago at Wallack's Theatre. Mr. Renauld, whom we understand to be a retired merchant of French parentage and education, but born in New York, is coming gradually forward as an adapter of French plays. He earlier translated Banville's *Le Baiser* and Coppée's *Le Luthier de Crémone*. His *Cyrano* will be partly in prose, partly in verse. The translation is preceded by an introduction by Professor Cohn of Columbia University.

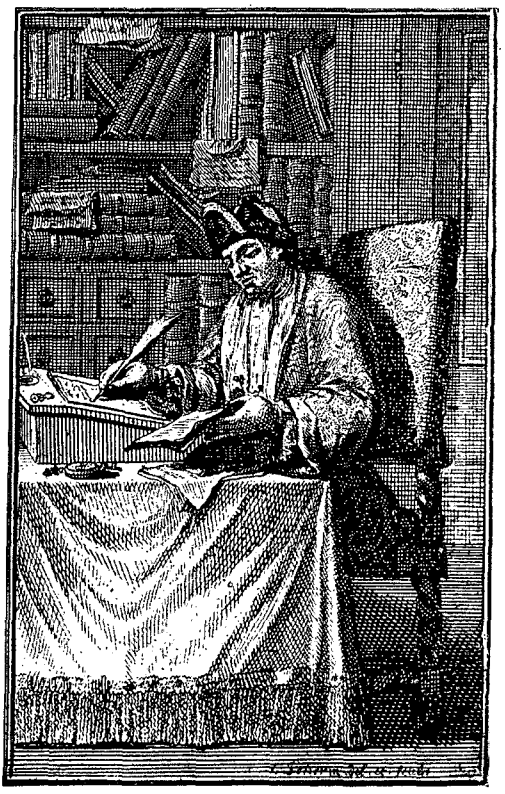
A story is being told which, if not altogether true, at any rate serves very beautifully to illustrate the American characteristic of giving slight heed to rank and place as against efficiency and daring and supreme achievement. The story has to do with Mr. McKinley, and it relates that while visiting one of the camps during his recent Southern tour he chanced to be strolling about unattended, and sought to pass a certain line which was patrolled by a vigilant sentinel. The sentinel promptly stopped him and demanded the countersign.

"I don't know the countersign," said Mr. McKinley.

"Then you don't pass," said the soldier.

"But," said Mr. McKinley, "I am the President of the United States."

"I don't know about that," replied the imperturbable sentry; "but if you haven't got the countersign you couldn't get by here even if you were George Dewey himself!"



CYRANO IN HIS STUDY.

We quote this clever epigram from *In Lantern-Land:*

Don Quixote read romances till his wits,
By nature weak, became extremely hazy;
The modern reader quite collected sits,—
It is the writers only who go crazy.

Mr. Clement K. Shorter, the editor of *Sketch* and the *Illustrated London News*, and the writer of the occasional Literary Causerie in THE BOOKMAN, contributes a paper on "Illustrated Journalism; its Past and its Future" to the current number of the *Contemporary Review*.

Mr. Augustine Birrell is again to the fore. Or as the *Academy* recently put it, Mr. Birrell, who is the only man who can do it, has been "birrelling" again. "He birrelled on Sheridan. . . . It was

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not exactly a lecture on Sheridan; it was not exactly a discourse on Sheridan; it was just a birrelling on Sheridan." The audience was happy and "(laughter)" occurred frequently throughout the report. Mr. Birrell has also been expressing his opinion in another channel that "the book mart is becoming as noisy as the Stock Exchange. Rival publishers puff their special goods and parade their kept authors with a persistency that would attract notice in the soap business, and employ for these purposes trade circulars, illustrated catalogues, garrulous travellers, and all the artifices of the road." But really, Mr. Birrell, what else would you have them do?

It is a pity that Mr. Birrell did not see fit to include in his *Law and History of Copyrighted Books*, all of the eighteen lectures which he delivered on the subject of Copyright at the University College, London, in the earlier part of last year. Only seven of these lectures Mr. Birrell has thought it worth while to print, evidently for two reasons—because they were the more popular of the lectures, and because the law on the subject is expected soon to engage "the attention of Parliament." It would have been better in a discussion of this important subject, where all light that can be gained is needed, to have published all the lectures, as the book is one that is necessarily limited to an interested audience, and does not call for popular patronage. Still the volume as it stands is welcome, and the publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, deserve the thanks of publishers and authors for giving book-form to Mr. Birrell's persuasive and valuable treatment of the subject.

"There is a novel in every drama," said a critic recently, "but not a play in every novel." Notwithstanding, we have been made more familiar with the dramatised novel than with the novelised drama. It is questionable whether the latter form is likely to meet with the same success as the former. Still, Messrs. Wilson Barrett and Robert Hichens—the novelising we imagine has been done by Mr. Hichens—have combined to write a novel based on the powerful play called *The Daughters of Babylon*, written by Mr. Barrett, and the book is announced for immediate publication by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Russia has recently insisted on sharing with us the pleasure of reading Mr. Jerome's *Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*, while it has been trying to deprive us of certain passages in Tolstoy's new novel, *Resurrection*. The arrangements have been completed, however, for the simultaneous appearance of an unexpurgated edition of the novel in other countries.

Quite timely is the announcement of a translation by Bradley Gilman of Edouard Rod's *Le Ménage du Pasteur Naudié*, to be called in English, *Pastor Naudié's Young Wife*. It will be published immediately by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company.

An inquisitive correspondent writes to ask why THE BOOKMAN still publishes the name of James Russell Lowell as its editor. We are informed that he "died some time ago." We hesitate to spoil the original form of the following sentence, and so quote it verbatim: "Did Rudard Kypling or Witcome Riley write the Rubiat; some says one and some says the other. I would like to know this very much."

Good news of Mr. Gelett Burgess's prosperity in London would seem to dispel the myth suggested by his recent caricature in THE BOOKMAN, that he was starving in a Chelsea garret. The latest "lark" on which he has been bent is a cycle of fifteen tales, to be called *The Lively City o' Ligg*, to appear serially in the London *Queen*, and in New York in the *Criterion*. Mr. Burgess, as is his wont, has illustrated the stories himself. His heroes all are locomotives, fire engines, steamboats, elevators, balloons, lampposts, and so forth; making the fiction a sort of twentieth century Hans Anderson *vraie* romance. There is a tale of a "Very Grand Piano," and one of the "House Who Walked in Her Sleep," which is calculated to keep many a good child awake o' nights.

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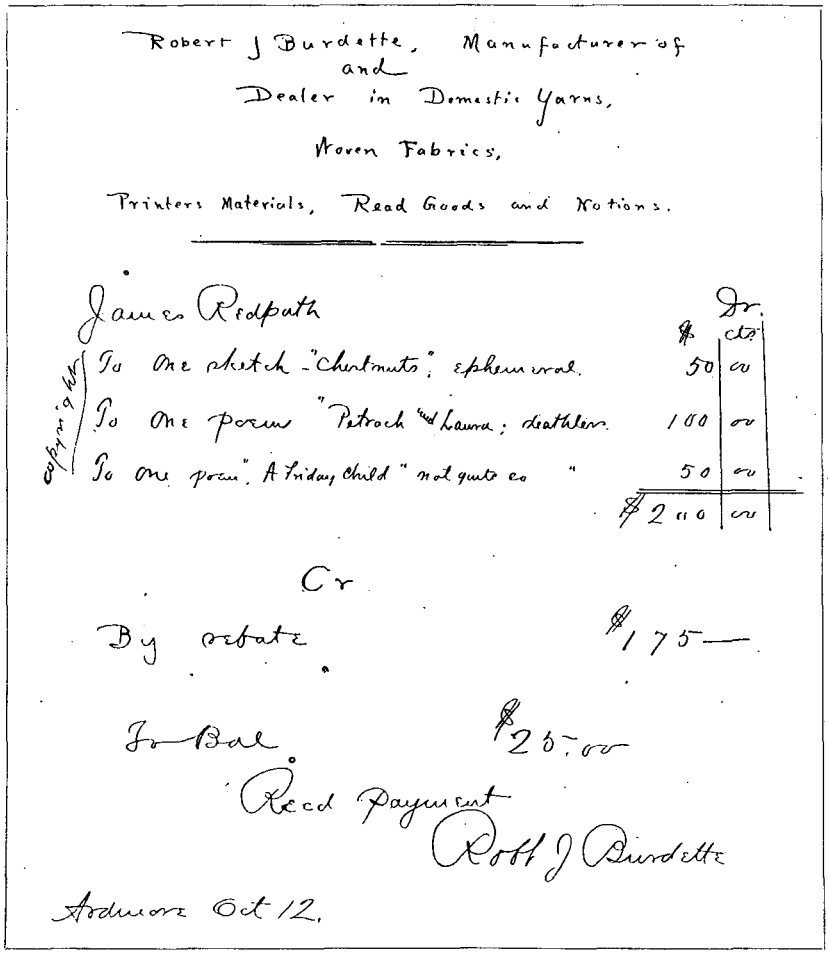

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and
Dealer in Domestic Yarns,
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Printers Materials, Read Goods and Notions.

James Redpath

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To One poem "Petrach and Laura; deathless.	100	00
To One poem "A Friday Child" not quite so "	50	00
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Ardmore Oct 12.

The following paragraphs which we culled from the New York *Sun* speak for themselves:

BURDETTE, THE HUMOURIST, TO MARRY.

TOLEDO, O., Feb. 21.—Robert J. Burdette, the humourist, will be married before Easter to Mrs. P. C. Baker of Pasadena, Cal., a woman of wealth well known on the coast. The ceremony will be performed in Pasadena. The news comes out here because a Toledo dressmaker has been a lifelong friend of the Burdette family. She has one son about the age of Mr. Burdette's son.

BOB BURDETTE A PRESBYTERIAN PASTOR.

PASADENA, Feb. 13.—It is a settled fact that Robert J. Burdette, the renowned humourist, lecturer and divine, is to become the temporary pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city. Mr. Burdette will preach his first sermon on Easter Sunday. As he is one of the brightest men of the land and is a great favourite here, this will be a particularly happy bit of news for Pasadena, whose people will feel as if they had drawn a prize. Mr. Burdette is a Baptist, but it is more than agreeable to the members of this large Presbyterian parish to have him serve as their temporary pastor.

We give a fac-simile of a bill rendered by Mr. Burdette to his lecturing agent once upon a time.

All the professional dramatic critics have had their say about *Zaza* and about Mrs. Leslie Carter's interpretation of the title-rôle. They have found the play itself a remarkable study in the emotions and in the seamy side of life, and they have with almost entire unanimity accorded to Mrs. Carter such a tribute of

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praise as is rarely won by any American actress. She has been likened to Bernhardt, and pronounced superior to Réjane; her passion and intensity, her sincerity, and the convincing realism of her portrayal have been set forth with an enthusiasm that is evidently spontaneous and genuine. As the play and the actress are to be seen throughout the entire country for the next two years, unless Mr. Frohman's plans miscarry, we feel justified in setting forth our own opinion of them both.

❦

We must disclaim at the outset any intention of seriously dissenting from the generally favourable verdict of the critics. The play is, indeed, a strong one, and it is very admirably presented as a whole. It lays a firm grasp upon the emotions of an audience, and it deals with life as life is really known to be. Its action is simple and moves swiftly to a climax that is not "stagey," but dramatic in the truest sense, and the central episode is instinct with a poignant realism. The play is Balzacian in its picture of one of those "virgins of the soul" who impress us as profoundly in the *Comédie Humaine* as they do in the life we know and see. And Mrs. Carter is remarkable in her entire comprehension of the character which she assumes. She realises it, she does not merely act it; and this is true in a large way down to the most minute details—to the laugh, the looks, the voice, the gestures, the thousand little physical indicia of temperament and feeling. The insolence and indifference of the professional *cocotte*, the touches of generosity and the *camaraderie* of the Bohemian, and finally the underlying passion and absorbed devotion of a woman who at last has felt the love that is no mere caprice or passing fancy, but the one great overwhelming influence in her life,—all these are finally caught and fixed for us with a dramatic completeness that is rare indeed.

❦

But just because of this entire adequacy of conception and this intelligence of execution, we must express with all the emphasis that we can give it, an intense regret that what as a whole is so artistic should in part be marred and weakened by some serious artistic blemishes. The story is a tragedy of the emotions enacted in a sordid sphere, and the very greatest care is therefore necessary to preserve the essential tragedy of the motive from anything that can deprive it of its full effect. The environment of Zaza, her comrades of the *café chantant*, the loose fish of the *coulisses*, her greedy, tippling aunt, the slipshod housekeeping of the ménage where her lover spent his days with her, all these are full of the inevitable comedy that pervades all life and by its contrast makes its tragedy more terrible. Their introduction is in the highest sense artistic and effective. But Mrs. Carter and her company should have had the self-restraint to hold themselves aloof from any touch of farce. Comedy and tragedy are inseparably allied in life, but farce and tragedy are fundamentally antagonistic. Now Mrs. Carter does not seem to see this, or else she is willing to sacrifice something of supreme artistic unity in order to evoke the sniggers of those unintelligent persons who are sprinkled through her audiences. In the first act, where her Bohemian lawlessness is the only impression to be conveyed, this touch of farce is not inharmonious; but when the serious side of the theme begins to be developed, then it really makes one's flesh creep to observe how often the cheap and the incongruous are allowed to jar and jangle when there should be nothing but a perfect concord. The suggestion of the farcical is often a suggestion only; it is conveyed perhaps by an inflection merely, by a drolling manner, by an exaggerated gesture; yet it is quite sufficient to impair and at times almost destroy the pleasure of the intelligent spectator.

❦

This fault is most perceptible in the breakfast scene of the fourth act. Zaza, who adores Dufrène with all the intensity of her soul, and who has given up her whole life to him, believing him to be in like manner wholly given up to her, discovers that he is not only married but that he is likely to leave her at any moment for a long absence with his lawful wife. She is in an agony of jealous love, yet with the supreme effort of a woman who discovers that she is in the throes of a passion too great for her to battle with, she resolves to meet her lover as before

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CHARLES SIM

PIERRE BERTON.

and to let him know nothing of her discovery lest she lose him altogether. He comes to her and they take breakfast together in her home. The situation is strained to the last degree. In life, Zaza's manner would be tinctured with hysteria, with anguish, with rage perhaps, but most surely nothing in it would savour of broad farce, as does Mrs. Leslie Carter's. The toughness of the beefsteak, the dust upon the furniture, the cooking of the eggs,—these things might possibly be noted, but they would not be allowed to distract the mind from the obviously impending outburst in order to excite a hee-haw from the Philistines in the galleries. Zaza learns that Dufrène has taken his wife to a café for a cup of chocolate, and to this cup of chocolate she reverts, not with the angry nagging iteration of a jealous woman, but with a drolling, drawling persistency, that makes the unthinking grin and the judicious grieve at what appears to be a conscious "mugging" of the author by Mrs. Carter. In fact, there are but two important members of the caste who may be said in theatrical phrase to play their parts quite "straight" throughout, and these are Miss Marie Bates as Zaza's aunt—a most amusing and legitimate impersonation—and Mr. Charles A. Stevenson in the rather thankless part of M. Dufrène.

We do not for a moment imagine that Mrs. Carter is insensible of the artistic errors which she perpetrates in the way that we have indicated. The great intelligence of her acting as a whole makes such a theory untenable. And this is why we have devoted so much space to an expression of this criticism. Surely it can scarcely be worth while to sacrifice to the vulgar taste of a portion of her audience, the great pleasure which all persons of discrimination would receive from a performance that should be throughout consistent, harmonious, and, down to the last detail, artistic and sincere.

❧

The authors of *Zaza*, Pierre Berton and Charles Simon, can both boast of a distinguished ancestry. Pierre Berton, the elder of the two, belongs to a family which has been for a long time connected with the stage. He was himself for quite a while an actor, appearing especially at the Odéon, the Vaudeville, and the Théâtre Français. He appeared in Legouvé's *Un Jeune Homme qui ne Fait Rien*, Murger's *La Vie de Bohème*, Hugo's *Ruy Blas*, Daudet's *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné*, Sardou's *Dora*, etc. He was for quite a while one of the favourite *jeunes-premiers* of the Parisian public. His father, Francis Berton, had had a still

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more brilliant career as an actor, and was the grandson of the quondam famous French composer, Henri Berton, the author of *Montano et Héphonie* and *Aline, Reine de Golconde*. His mother, who wrote some plays, was the daughter of the celebrated actor Samson, who will always be remembered as Rachel's teacher. After leaving the player's profession, Pierre Berton began to write for the stage; his greatest successes before *Zaza* have been a vaudeville, *Les Jurons de Cadillac*, and a melodrama, the product of the efforts of three writers, the success of which was phenomenal,—*Les Deux Gosses*.

Charles Simon is younger by seven or eight years than his *collaborateur*, and is now about fifty-nine years of age. He is the second son of the statesman, philosopher and professor, Jules Simon. He did not begin to turn his attention to the stage until quite late. He has been known for years as a journalist, having been at a time editor of one of the most widely circulated penny papers, *Le Petit Nord*, and is now connected with the management of *Le Petit Bleu*. He has also for a long time occupied a public office, which does not interfere with his journalistic work, being the head of the official reportorial staff of the French Senate As for the play itself, it is an open secret that it was written with the special purpose of providing Madame Réjane with opportunities to display every part of her remarkably versatile, dramatic nature, and of the complete success of the author in achieving this aim no one who witnessed one of the Paris Vaudeville performances can harbour the slightest doubt.

Zaza is far from being the only French play put upon the New York boards during the present theatrical season. In fact seldom, if ever, has France seemed to possess such a dramatic monoply in the American metropolis as it has this year. First we had *Cyrano*, both in the Mansfield authorised, and in Mr. Daly's unauthorised version. About the same time, *La Torture*, *L'Auberge de Tohu-Bohu* (Hotel Topsy-Turvy), and *Catherine* attracted the public to other playhouses; then came *Le Controleur des Wagons-lits* (Off and On), *Jalouse* (Because She Loved Him So), and *Mademoiselle Fifi;* of older plays there were performances of *Les Deux Orphelines*, *Madame Sans Gène*, *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, *Froufrou*, etc., and new adaptations of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*. And this leaves out what appeared on the opera or comic opera stage, *Faust*, *Carmen*, *Manon*, *La Belle Hélène*, *La Grande Duchesse*, etc. One almost wonders what there was that would be seen in Paris and not in New York. It is in some circles customary to call Brussels a *petit Paris*. Who knows but that New York some day, with the five million inhabitants it will soon hold within its corporate limits, may come to be called a Greater Paris?

While the dramatised version of *The Little Minister* has been causing endless laughter to the public, the successor to the "Little Minister" himself has been the sore cause of heartburning to the good people of Thrums. Some time ago, it may be remembered, we mentioned that this forward young man, the Rev. Mr. Conn of the Kirriemuir Auld Licht Kirk, had been taken to task by his Presbytery for certain practices of doubtful orthodoxy. Thus it appears that he had encouraged his congregation to stand while singing and to sit at prayers, whereas the orthodox Auld Licht custom is just the reverse. He had also, terrible to relate, preached in churches in which "human hymns" were sung, and even in churches where instrumental music in the shape of the abominable "box o' whistles" was heard. It may seem a laughing matter to the great world outside of Thrums, but it has been a heart-rending affair to the Auld Licht conscience, and the result has been that the reverend gentleman has had to shake the Auld Licht dust from off his shoes and join another denomination.

The Adventurers, published a short time ago by the Messrs. Harper, will not add anything to the literary reputation of Mr. H. B. Marriott-Watson. It is on the order of his *Galloping Dick*, which was a rattling good story, to be sure, and for that matter so is *The Adventurers;* but we prefer his work in the short

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H. B. MARRIOTT-WATSON.

stories of *At the First Corner*, which still contains his best fiction. What is possible to admire in the perilous mechanism and desperate invention of *The Adventurers* is the craft of writing of which Mr. Marriott-Watson is a delightful master. There are many who will enjoy this quite impossible and most entertaining story of treasure and of the Welsh marches.

In consequence of the failure of Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company, the rights of Mr. Stimson's *King Noanett*, have been acquired by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. They have issued a fourth edition of this beautiful work, containing four additional illustrations by Mr. Henry Sandham. As the Messrs. Scribner have published all of Mr. Stimson's other books, this removes the only exception, and brings all his works into the hands of one publishing house.

We do not wonder at Mr. Kipling's enthusiasm over *The Cruise of the "Cachalot,"* recently published by the Messrs. Appleton. Like him, "we have never read anything that equals it in its deep-sea wonder and mystery," nor, we might add, in its breeziness of style. True, the style is not literary and the English is that of a deep-sea sailor, whose school was the fo'c's'le, and who knows more of stays'ls than of syntax. But far from robbing the book of its interest these things only enhance it. The subject of sperm-whale fishing is little regarded in this country or in any country, and we question if many schoolboys could tell us that "cachalot" is the name of the sperm whale The main thing about Mr. Frank T. Bullen's book is that it thrills with adventure and is glorious with the brine of the sea; and although it is nothing but an account of sperm-whale fishing, every word of it is true, and there is enough of the spirit of daring and of adventure to counteract any superfluity of oiliness. It is not a juvenile, and yet boys will revel in it and men and women will find it as refreshing as an ocean holiday.

On another page will be found a review of Sir George Trevelyan's first volume of *The American Revolution*, pub-

FRANK T. BULLEN.

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lished by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company. As Sir George explains in his preface, this book is in reality the only possible continuation of his admirable *Early History of Charles James Fox*. Hence it is natural that the present book should begin with Fox's retirement from office early in 1774, which proved to be the beginning rather than the end of a great career. It has already been pointed out that one of the most excellent characteristics of this fascinating history is its abundance of graphic, clear-cut character sketches of the men of the time. If

SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN.

the world of letters has not yet ceased to regret Mr. John Morley's entrance into politics, politicians feel as keenly the retirement of Sir George Trevelyan from the political field; but men of letters and lovers of literature have good reason to rejoice in the fact and to cherish an eager outlook for the remaining volumes of this splendid work

The Macmillan Company will publish immediately a paper-covered edition of *The Choir Invisible* consisting of fifty thousand copies. This means that nearly two hundred thousand copies of this popular novel will have been sold before the new book which Mr. Allen is now writing will have left the press in the autumn.

The title of Mr. Allen's forthcoming novel, which, we believe, we are the first to announce, is *The Mettle of the Pasture*. Shakespeare lovers will remember the stirring lines in *Henry the Fifth*, in which the phrase occurs:

> And you, good yeomen,
> Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
> *The mettle of your pasture:* let us swear
> That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
> For there is none of you so mean and base,
> That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
> I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
> Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
> Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
> Cry "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"

Not only the suggestive words which form the title of the new work, but the spirit of the whole passage is peculiarly characteristic of the life and action treated therein. The sturdy yeomen of old England, who bred a new race on the soil of Virginia, and whose noble lustre and virile force descended to yeomen's sons in Kentucky, have yielded pasture for the novelist who, in the line of descent and with the dower of imagination, is the most capable of trying their mettle. *The Mettle of the Pasture* is to be a novel of Kentucky life—the largest and the most important work that its author has yet written—and this is to say that with all its deep seriousness it will partake of the sunny humour of the warm South. Mr. Allen expects to have the work ready for publication in the autumn.

During the past month, the Anglo-Saxon world, of which Rudyard Kipling is so representative a voice, has passed through a period of anxiety on account of the serious illness of the unofficial Poet Laureate. At the time of writing every one is rejoicing in the fact that he has gone beyond the point of danger and is in a fair way of recovery. This universal feeling of joy has been somewhat checked by the death of his eldest

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child, his little six-year-old daughter Josephine. Mr. Kipling has always commanded the admiration of a large audience, but perhaps never before has he taken such sure possession of their hearts.

Sir Walter Besant has indulged in a little joke at the expense of the British Government in connection with its niggardly bestowal of honours upon literary men. We quote the following paragraph from the pages of the *Queen*, in which he plays with the idea of Mr. Kipling's promotion to the peerage:

I am happy in being able to anticipate an official announcement which will be made in *The London Gazette* of January 1, 1901, among the Birthday Honours that will grace the beginning of the new century. Mr. Rudyard Kipling will be raised to the peerage as Lord Kipling of Vermont; the latter part of the title by kind permission of the President and the Congress and the Universal Folks-mote of the United States of America, in recognition of the services he has rendered to the Anglo-Saxon race.

Mr. Joseph A. Altsheler, whose recently published story, *A Herald of the West*, has excited some interest in its author, is a Kentuckian by birth and was educated in the common schools of that State and at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee. He served his apprenticeship in journalism first on the staff of the *Evening Post*, and later on the *Courier-Journal* in Louisville. After serving in nearly every journalistic capacity for several years he came to New York and secured a position with the *World*. He reported the World's Fair for this paper, and a little later he went to Honolulu on three hours' notice to report the troubles there consequent upon President Cleveland's plan to restore Queen Liliuokalani to the throne. Shortly after his return from Hawaii he took charge of the *World's* tri-weekly edition, and still occupies that position.

Mr. Altsheler began to write fiction two years ago. It came about in this way. It occurred to him that a boy's story of adventure was needed by the paper which he was editing, and as many another editor has done before him, notably Mr. Max Pemberton, he found that in order to get the sort of story he wanted he would have to write it himself. The story was quite successful and this gave him an incentive to try something better. He wrote a revolutionary romance called *The Son of Saratoga*, and sent it at random to Messrs. D. Appleton and Company. It was accepted by them at once, and was very well received by the press. The same firm published a second book for him, entitled *A Soldier of Manhattan*, a colonial romance, which further helped to pave the way for the

JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER.

success which has attended his third book, *A Herald of the West*. These three books have been published within the last two years, and during that time he has also written a number of short stories dealing with American history, which have appeared in the principal magazines. Mr. Altsheler says that he has written American historical fiction because it has come naturally to him from his deep liking for American history. He is now writing a romance of the Civil War, which will be published by the Messrs. Appleton later in the year.

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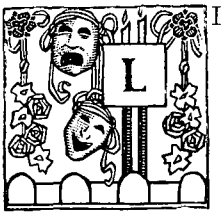
THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH



LITTLE excuse for regret exists in a dramatic month which includes two brilliant contemporary comedies, one of the most powerful realistic plays of the time, and a revival of romantic melodrama. Of the two rival versions of Dumas's immortal story, only one has reached New York at this writing; but the popularity of that, with the success of both dramatisations abroad, illustrates the public's willingness just now to turn toward romance.

Yet, happily, while it welcomes the exciting unreality of *The King's Musketeer*, and the artificial glitter of *Lord and Lady Algy*, its catholicity allows Mrs. Fiske to give *Magda* the leading place in her repertory. Of these examples of dissimilar artistic forms *Magda* is immeasurably the best play, and it also contains the ablest acting. Without comparing Mrs. Fiske's interpretation in detail with any other, I believe that no living actress could surpass her performance in this rôle. As the controller of her company, she deserves as much praise as is earned by her acting, for the troupe is an even and competent one adapted to the purpose and trained to play for the piece and not for the star. One who sees Sudermann's drama given by this company faces art with all the satisfaction and charm of completeness. When we consider that Mrs. Fiske is standing alone, confronting in bitter hostility the most powerful theatrical organisation ever known, limited by them in her choice of theatres and actors, and get giving such performances as this of *Magda*, we may well take off our hats to the fearless woman, the able actress, and the artistic manager of her own company. Here's to you, Mrs. Fiske! May you and what you stand for live long and prosper.

The human soul needs the confessional. Having to choose on an opening night between *Magda* and *The King's Musketeer*, I said to myself: "The one is grey realism, the other buoyant imagination. The one has the depressing culture of Sudermann, the other the barbaric genius of Dumas. The gifted actress wastes her powers on joyless studies, while the attractive Sothern goes less for thought than for charm. To perdition with the leaden casket. Give me the golden."

At *The King's Musketeer* I had a glorious evening, despite the mediocre playwright Hamilton, his elimination of the literary charm of Dumas, his own weak contributions, and his failure to make a play; despite also the only average level of the acting, the Athos of Roydan Erlynne being the only wholly satisfying bit, and the attractive star not floating at full ease in his part. It was delightful because of those splendid melodramatic situations of Dumas, a beverage of which, in a world containing too much burdening and too little imaginative truth, it is well to drink long and deep.

A week passed and I went to see *Magda*. Without enthusiasm, with Ibsen's insistent gloom in my imagination, and in my memory the failure of even Duse to interest me in the play, I wearily entered the theatre. Oliver Herford had confessed a day or two before that his conscience was always either dormant or delirious. This play set mine raving. The construction and the character-drawing were so full of power and ease, the performance was so true and gracious, that the reasoning which had preferred the Knickerbocker to the Fifth Avenue seemed a sin. Time will soothe that conscience without rendering it wholly numb, but just now it rages, and only with difficulty do I recall that my

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MRS. FISKE AS "MAGDA."

From a photograph by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

opinion of the two kinds of art is stable. Yes, Dumas's view of the world is richer than Sudermann's. The only statement needed for fairness is that when the realistic spirit speaks in a technical masterpiece, excellently translated, and beautifully played, the result far outshines the chunks of Dumas nailed together and presented with sundry discords.

Magda so well translated is by no means altogether grim, for gleams of wit come whenever they are needed to lighten the tension, and most of it fell to Mrs. Fiske, who delivered it with an acidity worthy of Mr. Mansfield, and a cheerful boredom and vivacity wholly hers. In the sterner parts also, she saw the cruelty without letting go of the expan-

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EUGEN SCHADY AS "CYRANO VON BERGERAC."

From a photograph by Pach Brothers.

sion and buoyancy of the histrionic temperament which she portrayed. Difficult indeed would it be to present hard scorn more successfully; or mild contempt mixed with amusement at the bourgeois soul, or patronising curiosity, or absent-minded kindness, all the qualities which so sharply mark off the woman of gifts, success, nervous tension, and free intuitions, the histrionic artist, from the

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frozen virtue and prosy routine of her honest family. It is a bad habit to hail every admirable piece of work in the name of greatness, but I am tempted to apply the rare term to this particular creation. Years ago, when she was Minnie Maddern, this actress used to give in cheap theatres the most delicious pieces of fantastic comedy. Then for a time I lost track of her, and saw her first in *Tess*, where she was by temperament too far out of the character and story for her art to bridge the chasm. She gave certain reflective and emotional mannerisms instead of Hardy's full-blooded, ingenuous, exuberant peasant, so that the story lost its proper nature. *Divorçons* also seemed outside of her gamut at the other end, as it is generally agreed to be outside of Duse's range and entrancingly within Réjane's. Probably if that play is to fit into the repertory of any prominent American actress it should be in Annie Russell's. It is well for our artists, while keeping variety, to recognise the general trend of their best talents, and surely nothing could fit those of Mrs. Fiske better than *Magda*. She did much good work in *A Doll's House*, but either she has improved decidedly since then or the sophistication of Magda suits her much better than the simplicity of Nora. Her other parts I have not seen; and the effect of finding in *Magda* a performance not only full of force, but full of light and shade, as firm on one side as on another, a solid work, which could bear examination from any angle, was a keen delight. In a supporting company which deserves so much, the most difficult part is well carried off by Frederick de Belleville.

Before all this happened, however, the Empire Stock Company began what promises to be a long run in *Lord and Lady Algy*, a play by R. C. Carton, which carries the observer back to the comedy of the Restoration. There is an easily discernible drift just now in a number of dramatists toward the drama of epigram, —immoral, showy, highly civilised, unreal —the expression of a society which is cynically toying with emotion and wearily amusing itself. Prominent in the group are the plays of Oscar Wilde, in whose dramas there is never seen the moral vision inseparable from depth. In *The Liars* even the good Jones seems entering these lists, and Mr. Carton, who can turn his hand to whatever the market orders, in *Lord and Lady Algy* seems to prove an ability, in this game of playing with mind and taste, not clearly inferior to any English playwright except the author of *You Never Can Tell*. Mr. Pinero is not included in the comparison, because his comedy, always of a softer tone, more subtle and more significant, lies quite outside of this modern Congreve spirit. Our dramatists are not unlikely to do something notable in this vein, for it does reflect part of our life, as the problem play does not. It is probably less surely founded in the national spirit than such plays as Mr. Pinero's latest two, but it is nearer home reality than anything modelled on the intellectual life of Norway or Italy.

If *The Man of Destiny*, which enjoyed a single performance by the Empire School, never has a stage life, it will be the worse for the theatre. George Bernard Shaw properly guided could give the present-day drama a fantastic and original brilliancy which would raise in reputation both him and it, but he seems to be too perverse and bigoted to take a rational attitude toward the practical problem of modifying his idiosyncrasies enough to keep them from choking his talents. *The Man of Destiny* is probably a better one-act play, even from the theatrical point of view, than any other written in a long time, and in addition to its acting qualities it has, with a few of the author's pet faults, wit and freshness in high degree. When a final judgment comes to be pronounced, it is to be feared that Mr. Shaw will not be among those whose talents have been employed at the highest legal rate of interest.

Cyrano von Bergerac, Fulda's translation of M. Rostand's play, has not, at this writing, been produced at the Irving Place Theatre, but what I have seen at rehearsals is assurance that it will be one of the most notable events of the season. The translation, always good, sometimes exquisitely beautiful, makes one feel what an addition to the performances in English an artistic version would have been. The title rôle in the hands of Eugen Schady assuredly has some of that authority and restrained emotional force which made his Wilhelm Tell so moving. The sadness and poetry

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of Cyrano are more constant than with Mr. Mansfield, and the physical domination more plausible. Whether the German actor will get the irony as well as the American, I should not yet dare to say. The very fact of producing this play now, within three weeks of the Sonnenthal engagement, with such an expensive setting that any pecuniary profit is out of the question, shows one of the advantages of ideals in the management of a theatre. If the English-speaking stage in New York had one manager who had the knowledge of tradition, the respect for it, and the executive ability of Mr. Conried, the standard set would be felt in all directions.

Norman Hapgood.

MARCHÉ AUX FLEURS

Homeward I crossed the old Pont Neuf each night,
Home to the island-realm of clerks and kings
Around which Seine her arms forever flings
In one age-old embrace, tense with the might
Of silent passion; her dark bosom bright
With myriad flakes of witch-fire red and gold,
Or lost in the gloom of arches that uphold
Many another fair bridge swept with light.

And oft the air hung heavy with the breath
Of deep-ranked flowers by the roadway there,
Tall flowers that I knew not in the pallid gleam
Of the moonlight. In the flickering gutter-glare
Of wicks, bent creatures sat. Oh, it did seem
Some border-land of passion, sleep and death.

William Aspenwall Bradley.

APRIL

We hear no step, but from her brown hands tossed
Green blades of grass and tender flowers are spread;
From soulless clods stung through with winter frost
New life comes forth divinely heralded.

Benjamin F. Leggett.

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*JANICE MEREDITH**

A Story of the Revolution

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD

Author of "THE HONOURABLE PETER STIRLING," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.

MEN ARE DECEIVERS EVER.

FINDING that Janice was not within the hedge-row, Evatt passed across the garden quickly, and discovered the young lady standing outside the stable, engaged in the extremely undignified occupation of whistling. Her reason for the action was quickly revealed by the appearance of Clarion; and still unconscious that she was watched, after a word with the dog, they both started toward the river.

A few hasty strides brought the man up with the maid, and as she slightly turned to see who had joined her, he said, "May I walk with you, Miss Meredith? I intended a stroll about the farm, and it will be all the pleasanter for so fair a guide."

Shyly but eagerly the girl assented, and richly rewarded was she in her own estimate by what the visitor had to tell. More gossip of court, of the lesser world of fashion, and of the theatre, he retailed: how the king walked and looked, of the rivalry between Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Baddely, of Charles Fox's debts and eloquence, of the vogue of Cecelia Davis, or "L'Inglesina." To Janice, hungry with the true appetite of Provincialism, it was all the most delicious of comfits. To talk to a man who could imitate the way the Duke of Gloucester limped at a levee when suffering from the gout, and who was able to introduce a story by saying, "As Lady Rochford once said to me at one of her routs—" was almost like meeting those distinguished beings themselves. Janice not merely failed to note that the man paid no heed whatever to the land they strolled over, but herself ceased to give time or direction the slightest thought.

"Oh!" she broke out finally, in her delight, "won't Tibbie be sorry when she knows what she's missed. And, forsooth, a proper pay out for her wrongdoing it is!"

"What mean ye by that?" questioned Evatt.

"She deserves to have it known, but though she called me tattle-tale, I'm no such thing," replied Janice, who in truth was still hot with indignation at Miss Drinker, and wellnigh bursting to confide her grievance against her whilom friend to this most delightful of men. "Perhaps you observed that we are not on terms. That was why I came off without her."

Evatt, though not till this moment aware of the fact, nodded his head gravely.

"'Tis all her doings, though she'd be glad enough to make it up if I would let her. A fine frenzy her ladyship would be in, too, if she dreamt he'd given me the miniature."

"A miniature!" marvelled the visitor, encouragingly. "Of whom?"

"'Tis just what— Oh, I think I'll tell thee the whole tale, and get thy advice. You see, I dared not go to mommy, for I knew she'd make me give it up, and dadda being away, and Tibbie in a snip snap, I had no one to— and perhaps—I'd never tell thee to shame Tibbie, but because I need advice and——"

"A man with half an eye would know you were no tale-bearer, Miss Janice," her companion remarked.

Thus prompted and enticed, the girl poured out the whole story. "I wish I could show you the picture," she ended. "She is the most beautiful woman I ever saw."

"Hast never looked in a mirror, Miss Janice?"

"Now you are just teasing."

"I' faith, 'tis the last thought in my mind," said Evatt heartily.

"You really think me pretty?" questioned the girl, with evident delight of uncertainty.

Evatt studied the eager, guileless face questioningly turned to him, and had much ado to keep from smiling.

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"'Tis impossible not to think of it," he replied.

"Even after seeing the court beauties?" demanded Janice, half in doubt and half in delight.

"Not one but would have to give the *pas* to you, my child," protested Evatt, "could you but be presented at St. James's."

"How lovely!" cried Janice ecstatically, and then in sudden abasement asserted, "Oh! I know you are—you are only making fun of me!"

"Now, burn me, if I am!" insisted the man with such undoubted admiration in his manner as to confirm his words to the girl. "By heaven!" he marvelled to himself. "Who'd have believed such innocence possible? 'Tis Mother Eve before the fall! She knows nothing"—a view of women likely to get Mr. Evatt into trouble. There is very little information concerning the ante-prandial Eve, but from later examples of her sex, it is safe to affirm that the mother of the race knew several things before partaking of the tree of knowledge. Man only is born so stupid as to need education.

"Why canst thou not let me have sight of this wondrous creature?" he went on aloud. "Surely thou art not really fearsome to brave comparison."

"'Tis not that, indeed," denied Janice, colouring, "but—well—in a moment." The girl turned her back to Mr. Evatt, and in a moment faced him once more, the miniature in her hand. "Isn't she beautiful?"

Evatt looked at the miniature. "That she is," he assented. "And strike me dumb, but she reminds me of some woman I've seen in London."

"Oh, how interesting!" exclaimed the girl. "What was her name?"

"'Tis exactly that I am asking myself."

"He must be well-born," argued Janice, "to have her miniature—look at the jewels in her hair."

"Ah, my child, there's more than the well-born wear—" the man stopped short. "How know you," he went on, "that the bondsman comes by it rightly?"

"I don't," the girl replied, "and the initials on the back aren't his."

"'For W. H. with love of J. B.,'" read the man.

"He may have changed his name," suggested Janice.

"True," exclaimed the man, "and this gives us a clew to his real one."

"Perhaps you've heard of a man in London with a name to fit W. H.?" said the maid inquiringly.

Evatt turned away to conceal an unsuppressable smile, while thinking, "The innocent imagines London but another Brunswick!"

"Dost think I should make him take it?" asked Janice.

"Certainly not," replied her adviser, responding to the only too manifest wish of the girl.

"Then dost think I should speak to mommy or dadda?"

"'Tis surely needless! The fellow refuses it, and so 'tis yours till he demands it."

"How lovely! Oh, I'd like to be home this instant, to see how 'twould appear about my neck. Last night I crept out of bed to have a look, but Tibbie turned over. I think I'll go at once and——"

"And end our walk?" broke in Evatt, reproachfully.

"'Tis nearly tea-time," replied Janice, pointing to the sun. "How the afternoon has flown!"

"Thanks to my charming companion," responded the man, bowing low.

"Now you are teasing again," cried Janice. "I don't like to be made fun——"

"'Tis my last thought," cried Evatt with unquestionable earnestness, and possessing himself of Janice's hand, he stooped and kissed it impetuously and hotly.

The colour flooded up into the maiden's face and neck at the action, but still more embarrassing to her was the awkward pause which ensued, as they set out on their return. She could think of nothing to say, and the stranger would not help her. "Let her blush and stammer," was his thought. "Every minute of embarrassment is putting me deeper in her thoughts."

Fortunately for the girl, the distance to the house was not great, and the rapid pace she set in her stress quickly brought them to the doorway, which she entered with a sigh of relief. The guest was at once absorbed by her father, and the girl sought her room.

As she primped, the miniature lay before her, and ever and anon she paused for a moment to look at it. Finally, when properly robed, she picked it up and held it for a moment. "I wonder if she broke his heart?" she said to herself. "I don't see how he could help loving her; I know I should." Janice hesitated for a moment, and then tucked the miniature into her bosom. "If only Tibbie wasn't—if—we could talk about it," she sighed, as she pinned on her little cap of lace

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above the hair dressed high *à la Pompadour*. "Why did she have to be—just as so many important things were to happen!" Miss Meredith looked at her double in the mirror, and sighed again. "Mr. Evatt must have been laughing at me," she sighed, "for she is so much prettier. But I should like to know why Charles always stares so at me."

In the meantime, Evatt, without so much as an allusion to the bond-servant, had presented a letter from a New Yorker, introducing him to the squire, and by the confidence thus established he proceeded to question Mr. Meredith long and carefully, not about farming lands and profits, but concerning the feeling of the country toward the questions then at issue between Great Britain and America. He made as they talked an occasional note, and the interview ended only with Peg's announcement of supper. Nor was this allowed to terminate the inquiry, for the squire, as Mrs. Meredith had foreseen, insisted on Evatt's spending the night, and Charles was accordingly ordered to ride over to the inn for the traveller's saddlebags. After the ladies had left the two men at the table, the questioning was resumed over the beer and pipes, and not till ten o'clock was passed did Evatt finally rise. Clearly he must have pleased the squire as well as he had the dames, for Mr. Meredith, with the hospitality of the time, pressed him heartily to stay for more than the morrow, assuring him of a welcome at Greenwood for as long as he would make it his abiding spot.

"Nothing, sir, would give me greater pleasure," responded Evatt, warmly, "but in confidence to you as a friend of government, I dare to say that my search for a farm is only the ostensible reason for my travels. I am executing an important and delicate mission for our government, and having already journeyed through the colonies to the northward, I must still travel through those of the south. 'Tis therefore quite impossible for me to tarry more than the night. I should, in fact, not have dared to linger thus long were it not that your name was on the list given me by Lord Dartmouth of those to be trusted and consulted. And the information you have furnished me concerning this region has proved that his lordship did not err in his opinion as to your knowledge, disposition and ability."

This sent the squire to his pillow with a delightful sense of his own importance, and led him to confide to the nightcap on the pillow beside him that "Mr. Evatt is a man of vast insight and discrimination." Regrettable as it is to record, the visitor, before seeking his own pillow, mixed some ink powder in a mug with a little water and proceeded to add to a letter already begun the following paragraph:

From thence I rode to Brunswick, a small Town on the Raritan. Here I find the same division of Sentiment I have already dwelt upon to your Lordship. The Gentry, consisting hereabouts of but two, are sharply opposed to the small Farmers and Labourors, and cannot even rely upon their own Tenantry for more than a nominal support. Neither of the great Proprietors seem to be Men of sound Judgment or natural Popularity, and Mr. Lambert Meredith—a name quite unknown to your Lordship, but of some consequence in this Colony through a fortunate Marriage with a descendant of one of the original Patentees—at the last Election, barely succeeded in carrying the Poll, and is represented to be a Man of much impracticality, hot-tempered, a stickler over trivial points, at odds with his Neighbours, and not even Master of his own Household. To such Men, my Lord, has fallen the Contest, on behalf of Government, while opposed to them are self-made Leaders, of Eloquence, of Force, and most of all, of Dishonesty. Issues of Paper Money, escape from all Taxation, free Lands, suspensions of Debts—such and an hundred other tempting Promises they ply the People with, while the Gentry sit helpless, save those who, seeing how the Tide sets, throw Principles to the Wind, and plunge in with the popular Leaders. Believe me, my Lord, as I have urged already, a radical change of Government, and a plentiful sprinkling of Regiments, will alone prevent the Disorders from rising to a height that threatens Anarchy."

Though the visitor was the last of the household abed, he was early astir the next morning, and while Charles was beginning his labours of the day, by leading each horse to the trough in the barnyard, Evatt joined him.

"We made a bad start at our first meeting, my man," he said, in a friendly manner, "and I have only myself to blame for't. One should keep his own secrets."

"'Tis a sorry calling yours would be if many kept to that," replied Fownes, with a suggestion of contempt.

Evatt bit his lip, and then forced a smile. "The old saying runs that three could keep a secret if two were but dead."

Charles smiled. "My two will never trouble me," he said meaningly, "so save your time and breath."

"Hadst best not be so sure," retorted Evatt, in evident irritation. "'Twixt your army service, the ship you sailed on, and that miniature, I have more clews than have served to ferret many a secret."

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"And entirely lack the only important one. Till you have that, I don't fear you. What it more, I'll tell you what 'tis."

"What?" asked the man.

"A reward," sneered Fownes.

"I see I've a sly tike to deal with," said the man. "But if you choose not—" The speaker checked himself as Janice came through the opening in the hedge, and the two stood silently watching her as she approached.

"Charles," she said, when within speaking distance, while holding out the miniature, "I've decided you must take this."

Charles smiled pleasantly. "Then 'tis your duty to make me, Miss Meredith," he replied, folding his arms.

"Won't you please take it," begged Janice, not a little nonplussed by her position, and that Evatt should be a witness of it. "We know it belongs to you."

"How know you that?" questioned the man, still smiling pleasantly.

"Because 'twas with your clothes when you went in swimming," said Janice frankly.

"Miss Meredith," said Charles, "the word of a poor devil of a bond-servant can have little value, but I swear to you that that never belonged to me, and that I therefore have no right to it."

"That is as good as saying you stole it," asserted Evatt.

Charles smiled contemptuously. "'All are not thieves whom dogs bark at,'" he sneered. "Nor are all of us sneaks and spies," he added, as, turning, he led away the horse toward the stable.

"Yon fellow doesn't stickle at calling you names, my child," said Evatt, as Janice started toward the house.

"He has no right to call me a spy," cried the girl indignantly.

"His words deserve no more heed than what he said t'other night at the tavern of you."

"What said he at the tavern?" demanded Janice.

"'Tis best left unspoken."

"I want to know what he said of me," insisted Miss Meredith.

"'Twould only shame you."

"He—he told of—he didn't tell them I took the miniature?" faltered Janice.

Again Evatt bit his lip, but this time to keep from smiling. "Worse than that, my child," he replied.

"Why should he insult me?" protested Janice proudly, but still colouring at the possibility.

"You do right to suppose it unlikely. Yet it is so, and while I can hardly hope that my word will be taken for it, his lies to us a moment since prove that he is capable of any untruth."

Evatt spoke with such frankness of manner, and with such an apparent lack of motive for inventing a tale, that Janice became doubtful. "He couldn't insult me," she said, "for I—I haven't done anything."

"'Tis certain that he did. Had I but known you at the time, Miss Janice, he should have been made to swallow his coarse insult. 'Twas for that I sought him this morning. Had you not interrupted us 'twould have fared badly for him."

"You were very kind," said Janice dolefully, beginning, more from his manner than his words, to believe Evatt. "I didn't know there were such bad men in the world. And for him to say it at the tavern, where 'twill be all over the county in no time! Was it very bad?"

"No one would believe a redemptioner," replied Evatt. "Yet had I the right——"

"Marse Meredith send me to tell youse come to breakfast," interrupted Peg from the gateway in the box.

"Why!" exclaimed the girl. "It can't be seven."

"The squire ordered it early, that I might be in the saddle betimes," explained Evatt, and then as the girl started toward the house, he checked the movement by taking her hand. "Miss Janice," he said, "in a half-hour I shall ride away—not because 'tis my wish, but because I'm engaged in an important and perilous mission—a mission—can you keep a secret—even from—from your father and mother?"

Janice was too young and inexperienced to know that a secret is of all things the most to be avoided, and though her little hand, in her woman's intuition that all was not right, tried feebly to free itself, she none the less answered eagerly and half-doubtfully "Yes."

"I am sent here under an assumed name—by His Majesty. You—I was indiscreet enough with you, to tell—to show that I was other than what I pretend to be, but I felt then and now that I could trust you. You will keep secret all I say?"

Again Janice, with her eyes on the ground, said "Yes."

"I must do the king's work, and when 'tis done I return to England and resume my true position, and you will never again hear of me—unless—" The man paused, with his eyes fixed on the downcast face of the girl.

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"Unless?" asked Janice, when the silence became more embarrassing than to speak.

"Unless you—unless you give me the hope that by first returning here—as your father has asked me to do—that I may—may perhaps carry you away with me. Ah, Miss Janice, 'tis an outrage to keep such beauty hidden in the wilds of America, when it might be the glory of the court, and the toast of the town."

Again a silence ensued, fairly agonizing to the bewildered and embarrassed girl, which lengthened, it seemed to her, into hours, as she vainly sought for some words that she might speak.

"Please let go my hand," she begged finally.

"Not till you give me a yea or nay."

"But I can't—I don't—" began Janice, and then as footsteps were heard, she cried, "Oh, let me go! Here comes Charles."

"May I come back?" demanded Evatt.

"Yes," assented the girl desperately.

"And you promise to be secret?"

"I promise," cried Janice, and to her relief recovered her hand, just as Charles entered the garden.

Like many another of her sex, however, she found that to gain physical and temporary freedom she had only enslaved herself the more, for after breakfast Evatt availed himself of a moment's interest of Mrs. Meredith's in the ordering down of his saddle-bags, and of the squire's in the horse, to say to Janice, aside:

"I gave you back your hand, Janice, but remember 'tis mine," and before the girl could frame a denial, he was beside Mr. Meredith at the stirrup, and, ere many minutes, had ridden away, leaving behind him a very much flattered, puzzled and miserable demoiselle.

CHAPTER VII.

"'TIS AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD."

THE twenty-four hours of Evatt's visit troubled Janice in recollection for many a day, and marked the beginning of the most distinct change that had come to her. The experience was in fact that which befalls every one somewhere between the ages of twelve and thirty, by which youth first learns to recognize that life is not mere living, but is rather the working out of a strange problem compounded of volition and necessity, accident and fatality. The pledge of secrecy preyed upon her, the stranger's assumption that she had bound herself distressed her, and the thought that she had been the subject of tavern talk made her furious. Yet she had promised concealment, she was powerless to write to Evatt denying his pretension, and she could not counteract a slander the purport of which was unknown to her. Had she and Tibbie but been on terms, she might have gained some relief by confiding her woes to her, but that young lady's visit came to an end so promptly after the departure of Evatt that restoration of good feeling was only obtained in the parting kiss. For the first time in her life, Janice's head would keep on thinking after it was resting on its pillow, and many a time that enviable repository was called upon to dry her tears, and cool her burning cheeks. Never, it seemed to her, had man or woman borne so great a burden of trouble.

The change in the girl was too great not to be noticed by the household of Greenwood. Mrs. Meredith joyfully confided to the Rev. Mr. McClave that she thought an "effectual calling" had come to her daughter, and that Janice was in a most promising condition of unhappiness. Thus encouraged, the divine, who was a widower of forty-two, with five children sadly needing a woman's care, only too gladly made morning calls on the daughter of his wealthiest parishioner, and in place of the discussions with Tibbie over romance in general, and the bond-servant in particular, as they sewed or knitted, Janice was forced to attend to long monologues specially prepared for her benefit, on what to the presbyter were the truly burning questions of justification, adoption and sanctification. What is more, she not only listened dutifully, but once or twice was even moved to tears, to the enormous encouragement of Mr. McClave. The squire, who highly resented the lost vivacity and the new seriousness, insisted that the "girl shan't be made into a long-faced, psalm-singing hypocrite," but not daring to oppose what his wife approved, he merely expressed his irritation to Janice herself, teasing and fretting her scarcely less than did Mr. McClave.

Not the least of her difficulties was her bearing toward the bondsman. Conditions were still so primitive, that the relations between master and servant were yet on a basis that made the distinctions between them ones of convenience rather than convention, and thus Janice was forced to mark out a new line of conduct. At first she adopted that of avoidance and proud disregard of him, but

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his manner toward her continued to convey such deference that the girl found her attitude hard to maintain, and presently began to doubt if he could be guilty of the imputation. Nor could she be wholly blind to the fact that the groom had come to take a marked interest in her. She noted that he made occasion for frequent interviews, and that he dropped all pretence of speaking to her in his affected Somerset dialect. When now she ventured out of doors, she was almost certain to encounter him, and rarely escaped without his speaking to her; while he often came into the kitchen on frivolous pretexts when she was working there, and seemed in no particular haste to depart.

Several times he was detected by Mrs. Meredith thus idling within doors, and was sharply reproved for it. Neither to this, nor to the squire's orders that he should put an end to his "night-walking" and to his trips to the village, did he pay the slightest heed.

One circumstance, however, very materially lessened the possible encounters between the bond-servant and the maiden. This was no less than the setting in of the winter snows, which put a termination to all the girl's outdoor life, excepting the attendance at the double church services on Sundays, which Mrs. Meredith never permitted to be neglected. From the window Janice sometimes saw the groom playing in the drifts with Clarion, but that was almost the extent of her knowledge of his doings. It is to be confessed that she eagerly longed to join them—or, at least, to have a like sport with the dog. Eighteenth century etiquette, however, neither countenanced such conduct in the quality, nor, in fact, clothed them for it.

Snow, if a jailer, was likewise a defence, and apparently cooled for a time the heat of the little community against the squire. Even the Rev. Mr. McClave's flame of love and love of flame were modified by the depth of the drifts he must struggle through, in order to discourse on eternal torment while gazing at earthly paradise. Janice became convinced that the powers of darkness no longer had singled her out as their particular prey, and in the peaceful isolation of the winter her woes, when she thought of them, underwent a change of grammatical tense which suggested that they had become things of the past.

One of her tormenting factors was not to be so treated. Philemon alone made nothing of the change of season, riding the nine miles between his home and Greenwood by daylight or by moonlight, as if his feeling for the girl not merely warmed but lighted the devious path between the drifts. Yet it was not to make love he came; for he sat a silent, awkward figure when once within doors, speaking readily enough in response to the elders, but practically inarticulate whenever called upon to reply to Janice. Her bland unconsciousness was a barrier far worse than the snow; and never dreaming that he was momentarily declaring his love for her in a manner far stronger than words, he believed her wholly ignorant of what he felt, and stayed for hours at a time, longing helplessly for a turn of events which should make it possible for him to speak.

It was a public event which finally brought his courting to a crisis, and this began with the receipt of the Governor's writ convening the Assembly of New Jersey. A trivial movement of a petty pawn on the chess-board of general politics, it nevertheless was of distinct importance in several respects to the Meredith family. Apparently the call meant only a few weeks' attendance of the squire's at Burlington, in the performance of legislative duties, and Janice's going with him to make a return visit to the Drinkers at Trenton. These, however, were the simplest aspects of the summons, and action by the citizens of Brunswick County quickly injected a more serious element into the programme.

The earliest evidence of this was the summoning by the committee of observation and correspondence of a gathering to "instruct" the county representatives how they should vote on the question as to indorsing or disapproving the measures of the recent Congress. The notice of the meeting was read aloud by the Rev. Mr. McClave before his morning sermon one Sunday, and then he preached long and warmly from 2 Timothy, ii., 25—"Instructing those that oppose themselves"—the purport of his argument being the duty of the whole community to join hands in resisting the enemies of the land. The preacher knew he was directly antagonizing the views of his wealthiest parishioner and the father of his would-be wife, but that fact only served to make him speak the more forcefully and fervently. However hard and stern the old Presbyterian faith was, its upholders had the merit of knowing what they believed, and of stating that belief without flinch or waver.

As he sat and listened, not a little of the squire's old Madeira found its way into his face; and no sooner were the family seated in

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the sleigh than the wine seemed also to find expression in his tongue as well.

"'Tis the last time I set foot in your church, Mrs. Meredith," he declared, loudly enough to make it evident that he desired those filing out of the church to hear. "Never before have I—"

"Hold your tongue, Lambert!" interrupted Mrs. Meredith in a low voice. "Dost think to make a scene on the Sabbath?"

"Then let your parson hold his," retorted Mr. Meredith, but like a well-trained husband, in so low a voice as to be inaudible to all but the occupants of the sleigh. "Ge wug, Joggles! What is the land coming to, when such doctrines are preached in the pulpits; when those in authority are told 'tis their duty to do what the riff-raff think best? As well let their brats and bunters tell us what to do. They'll not force me to attend their meeting, nor to yield a jot."

In fulfilment of his assertion, the squire sat quietly at home on the afternoon that the popular opinion of the county sought to voice itself, nodding his head over a volume of *Hale's Compleat Body of Husbandry.* But as night drew near he was roused from his nap by the riding up of Squire Hennion and Philemon. Let it be confessed that, despite Mr. Meredith's contempt for what he styled the "mobocracy," his first question concerned the meeting.

"A pooty mess yer've made of it, Meredith," growled Mr. Hennion.

"I!" cried the squire indignantly. "'Tis naught I had to do with it."

"An' 'tis thet keepin' away dun the harm," scolded the elder Hennion. "Swamp it, yer let the hotheads control! Had all like yer but attended, they'd never have bin able to carry some of them 'ere resolutions. On mor'n one resolve a single vote would hev bin a negative."

"Poh!" sneered the squire. "Sit down and warm thy feet while thee cools thy head, man. Thou'lt not get me to believe that one vote only was needed to prevent them indorsing the Congress association."

"Sartin they approved the Congress doings, *nemine contradicente,* as they wuz baound ter do since all aginst kep' away, but——"

"Dost mean to say ye voted for it?" demanded Mr. Meredith.

Squire Hennion's long, shrewd face slightly broadened as he smiled. "I wuz jest stepped over ter the ordinary ter git a nipperkin of ale when thet ere vote wuz tuk."

"Who let the hotheads control, then?" jerked out Mr. Meredith.

"'Tain't no sort of use ter hev my neebours set agin me."

"And ye'll vote at Burlington as they tell ye?" fumed the squire.

"I'm rayther fearsome my rheumatiz will keep me ter hum this winter weather. I've had some mortal bad twinges now an' agin."

"Now damn me!" swore the squire, rising and pacing the room with angry strides. "And ye come here to blame me for neglecting a chance to check them."

"I duz," responded Hennion. "Ef I go ter assembly, 'twon't prevent theer votin' fer what they wants. But ef yer hed attended thet 'ere meetin', we cud hev stopped them from votin' ter git up a militia company, an' ter buy twenty barrels——"

"Dost mean to say they voted rebellion?" roared Mr. Meredith, halting in his angry stride.

"It duz hev a squint toward it, theer ain't no denyin'. But I reckon it wuz baound ter come, vote aye or vote nay. Fer nigh three months all the young fellers hev been drillin' pooty reg'lar."

"Oh!" spoke up Janice. "Then that's what Charles meant when he said 'twas drill took him to the village."

"What?" demanded the squire. "My bond-servant?"

"Ay. 'Tis he duz the trainin', so Phil tells me."

Mr. Meredith opened the door into the hall, and bawled "Peg!" Without waiting to give the maid time to answer the summons he roared the name again, and continued to fairly bellow it until the appearance of the girl, whom he then ordered to "Find Charles and send him here." Slightly relieved, he stamped back to the fire, muttering to himself in his ire.

A pause for a moment ensued, and then the elder Hennion spoke: "Waal, Meredith, hev yer rumpus with yer sarvant, but fust off let me say the say as me and Philemon come fer."

"And what's that?"

"I rayther guess yer know areddy," continued the father, while the son's face became of the colour of the hickory embers. "My boy's in a mighty stew about yer gal, but he can't git the pluck ter tell her; so seein' as he needed some help, an' sence I had come as fer as Brunswick, says I we'll make one ride of it, an' over we comes ter tell yer fair an' open what he's hanging araound fer."

Another red face was hurriedly concealed by its owner stooping over her tambour-

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frame, and Janice stitched away as if nothing else were worth a second thought. It may be noted, however, that, as a preliminary to further work the next morning, a number of stitches had to be removed.

"Ho, ho!" laughed the squire heartily, and slapping Phil on the shoulder. "A shy bird, but a sly bird, eh? Oh, no! Mr. Fox thought the old dogs didn't know that he wanted little Miss Duck."

Already in an agony of embarrassment, this speech reduced Phil to still more desperate straits. He could look at his father only in a kind of dumb appeal, and that individual, seeing his son's helplessness, spoke again.

"I'd hev left the youngsters ter snook araound till they wuz able ter fix things by themselves," Mr. Hennion explained. "But the times is gittin' so troublous thet I want ter see Phil sottled, an' not rampin' araound as young fellers will when they hain't got nuthin' ter keep them hum nights. An' so I reckon thet if it ever is ter be, the sooner the better. Yer gal won't be the wus off, hevin' three men ter look aout fer her, if it duz come on ter blow."

"Well said!" answered the squire. "What say ye, Matilda?"

"Oh, dadda," came an appeal from the tambour-frame. "I don't want to marry. I want to stay at home with——"

"Be quiet, child," spoke up her mother, "and keep your opinion to yourself till asked. We know best what is for your good."

"He, he, he!" snickered the elder Hennion. "Gals hain't changed much sence I wuz a-courtin'. They allus make aout ter be disprit set agin the fellers an' mortally daown on marryin', but lordy me! ef the men held off the hussies 'ud do the chasin'."

"You know, Lambert," remarked his better half, "that I think Janice would get more discipline and greater godliness in——"

"I tell you he shan't have her," broke in the squire. "No man who preaches against me shall have my daughter; no, not if 'twere Saint Paul himself."

"For her eventual good I——"

"Damn her eventual——"

"I fear 'twill come to that."

"Well, well, Patty, perhaps it will," acceded the squire. "But since 'tis settled already by foreordination, let the lass have a good time before it comes. Wouldst rather marry the parson than Phil, Janice?"

"I don't want to marry any one," cried the girl, beginning to sob.

"A stiff-necked child thou art," said her mother sternly. "Dost hear me?"

"Yes, mommy," responded a woful voice.

"And dost intend to be obedient?"

"Yes, mommy," sobbed the girl.

"Then if you will not give her to the parson, Lambert, 'tis best that she marry Philemon. She needs a husband to rule and chasten her."

"Then 'tis a bargain, Hennion," said Mr. Meredith, offering a hand each to both the father and the son.

"Yer see, Phil, it's as I told yer," cried the elder. "Naow hev dun with yer stand-offishness and buss the gal. That 'ere is the way ter please them."

Philemon faltered, glancing from one to another, for Janice was bent low over her work and was obviously weeping—facts by no means likely to give courage to one who needed that element as much as did Philemon.

"A noodle!" sniggered Mr. Hennion. "'Tain't ter be wondered at that she don't take ter yer. The jades always snotter first off, but they'd snivel wus ef they wuz left spinsters—eh, squire?"

Thus encouraged, Phil shambled across the room and put his hand on the shoulder of the girl. At the first touch Janice gave a cry of desperation, and springing to her feet she fled toward the hall, her eyes still so full of tears that she did not see that something intervened to prevent her escape. In consequence she came violently in contact with Charles, and though to all appearance he caught her in his arms only to save her from falling, Janice, even in her despair, was conscious that there was more than mere physical support. To the girl it seemed as if an ally had risen with her need, and that the moment's tender clasp of his arms was a pledge of aid to a sore-stricken fugitive.

"How now!" cried the squire. "Hast been listening, fellow!"

"I did not like to interrupt," said Charles dryly.

"I sent for you, because I'm told you have been inciting rebellion against the king."

The man smiled. "'Tis little inciting they need," he answered.

"Is't true that ye've been drilling them?" demanded the squire.

"Ask Hennion," replied the servant.

"What mean ye?"

"If 'tis wrong for me to drill, is't not wrong for him to be drilled?"

"How?" once more roared the squire.

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"Dost mean to say that Phil has been drilling, along with the other villains?"

"Naow, naow, Meredith," spoke up the elder Hennion. "Boys will be boys, yer know, an'——"

"That's enough," cried the father. "I'll have no man at Greenwood who takes arms against our good king. Is there no loyalty left in the land?"

"Naow look here, Meredith," Mr. Hennion argued. "Theer ain't no occasion fer such consarned highty-tighty airs. Yer can't keep boys from bein' high-sperited. What's more——"

"High-spirited!" snapped the squire. "Is that the name ye give rebellion, Justice Hennion?"

"Thet 'ere is jest what I wuz a-comin' ter, Meredith," went on his fellow-justice. "Fust off I wuz hot agin his consarnin' himself, and tried ter hold him back, but lordy! young blood duz love fightin', an' with all the young fellers possest, an' all the gals admirin', I might as well a-tried ter hold a young steer. So, says I, 'tis the hand of Providence, fer no man kin tell as what's ahead of us. There ain't no good takin' risks, an' so I'll side in with the one side, an' let Phil side in with t'other, and then whatsomever comes, 'twill make no differ ter us. Naow ef the gal kin come it over Phil ter quit trainin', all well an' good, an'——"

"I'll tell ye what I think of ye," cried Mr. Meredith. "That ye're a precious knave, and Phil's a precious fool. And I want no more of either of ye at Greenwood."

"Now, squire," began Phil, "tain't——"

"Don't attempt to argue!" roared Mr. Meredith. "I say the thing is ended. Get out of my house, the pair of ye!" And with this parting remark, the speaker flung from the room, and a moment later the door of his office banged with such force that the whole house shook. Both the elder and younger Hennion stayed for some time, and each made an attempt to see the squire, but he refused obstinately to have aught to do with them, and they were forced presently to ride away.

Though many men were anxiously watching the gathering storm, a girl of sixteen laid her head on her pillow that night, deeply thankful that British regiments were mustering at Boston, and that America, accepting this as an answer to her appeal, was quietly making ready to argue the dispute with something more potent than petitions and associations.

VIII.

AN OVERPLUS OF SWAINS.

THE anger of the squire, combined with foolish standing in the snow after the departure of the Hennions while he berated and scolded the bondsman, served to bring on a sharp attack of the gout, which confined him to the house for nigh a month. Incidentally, it is to be noted that his temper during this period was not confined, and when Phil appeared one morning he met a reception that drove him away without a chance to plead his cause.

One piece of good fortune the attack brought its victim was that it kept him in bed on the particular day selected for the committee of the Town Meeting to inform the squire as to the instruction voted by that gathering for his conduct in the Assembly. In default of an interview, they merely left an attested copy of the resolution, and had to rest satisfied, without knowing in what way their representative received it. Mrs. Meredith, Janice and Peg did not remain in any such doubt.

Even gout, however, had its limitations, and finally the patient was convalescent, and preparations began for the journey to Burlington.

Of the time Janice spent at Trenton little need be said. Compared with Greenwood, the town was truly almost riotous. Neither Presbyterian nor Quaker approved of dancing, and so the regular weekly assemblies were forbidden fruit to the girls, and Janice and Tibbie were too well-born to be indelicately of the throng who skated long hours on Assanpic Creek, or to take part in the frequent coasting parties. But of other amusements they had, in the expression of the day, "a great plenty." Four teas—but without that particular beverage—two quilting bees, one candy pulling and one corn popping, three evenings at singing school, and a syllabub party supplied such ample social dissipation to Janice that life seemed for the time to fairly whirl.

Not the least of the excitement, it must be confessed, was the conquest by Janice of a young Quaker cousin of Tabitha's named Penrhyn Morris. Two other of the Trenton lads, too, began to behave in a manner so suspicious to the girls as to call for much discussion. Tibbie as well had several swains, who furnished still further subjects of conversation after sleeping hours had come. Several times sharp reproofs were shouted through the partition from Mrs. Drinker's room, but the whispering only sank in tone and not in volume.

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One incident not to be omitted was the appearance of Philemon, nominally on business, in Trenton, but he called upon the Drinkers, and remained to dinner when asked. He stayed on and on after that meal, wearying the two girls beyond measure by the necessity of maintaining a conversation, until, just as the desperation point was reached, Tibbie introduced a topic that had an element of promise in it.

"Hast thou seen Charles Fownes of late?" she asked of the mute, awkward figure; and though Janice did not look up, there was a moment's flicker of her eyelashes.

"All I wants ter," said Phil, sulkily. "An' I guess that ere's the feeling pooty ginrally."

"Why?" demanded Tabitha, after a glance at Janice.

"Cuz of the airs he takes. He called me a put because I wuz a bit slow—ter his mind—in learnin' the manual, an' he's got a tongue an' a temper like a hedge-hog. But the fellers paid him off come Saturday week."

"How?" asked Janice, dropping her pose of indifference.

"He's been expectin' ter be app'inted capt'in of the Brunswick Invincibles, when they wuz trained, but he put on sech airs, an' wuz so sharp an' bitin' with his tongue, that when they voted for officers last week I'll be dinged if they didn't drop him altogether. He didn't get a vote for so much as a corporal's rank. He was in a stew, I tells you."

"What did he do?" questioned Tabitha.

"He was so took aback," snickered Philemon, "that he up and says 'twas the last he'd have ter do with 'em, an' that they wuz a lot of clouts an' clod pates an' they'd got a capt'in ter match."

"Was that you?" cruelly asked Janice.

"No. 'Twas Joe Bagby," replied Phil, not so much as seeing the point.

"The village loafer and ne'er-do-weel," exclaimed Janice, reflecting her father's view.

"He ain't idlin' much these-a-days," asserted Philemon, "and the boys all like him for his jokes an' good-nature. I tell yer, 'twas great sport ter see him an' yer redemptioner give it ter each other. Fownes, he said that if 'tweren't better sport ter catch rabbits, he'd mightily enjoy chasin' the whole company of Invincibles with five grenadiers of the guard, an' Baby he sass back by sayin' that Charles needn't be so darned cocky, for he'd run from the reg'lars hisself, an' then yer man tells Joe ter give his red rag a holiday by talkin' about what he knowd of, for then he'd have ter be silent, an' then the capt'in says he was a liar, and Charles knocks him down, an' stood over him' and made him take it back. An' Baby he takes it back, sayin' as how his own words wuz very good eatin' anyways. I tell yer, the whole town enjoyed that 'ere afternoon."

"I suppose they made you an officer?" said Miss Meredith with unconcealed contempt.

"No, Miss Janice," Philemon eagerly denied, "an' that's what I come over ter tell you—seein' that you an' the squire didn't like my drillin', I've left the company, an' I won't go back, I pass you my word."

"'Tis nothing to me what you do," responded Janice, crushingly.

"Don't say that, Miss Janice," entreated Phil.

"Isn't thee not ashamed," exclaimed Tabitha, "to seek to marry a girl against her wishes? If I were Janice, I'd never so much as look at thee."

"She never said as how she—" stammered Hennion.

"That was nothing," continued Tibbie. "Thee shouldst have known it. The idea of asking the father first!"

"But that's the reg'lar way," ejaculated Phil, in evident bewilderment.

"To marry a girl when she doesn't choose to!" snapped Tibbie. "A man of any decency would find out—on the sly—if she wanted him."

"She never would——"

"As if the fact that she wouldn't wasn't enough!" continued Tibbie, with anything but Quaker meekness. "Dost think, if she wanted thee, she'd have been so offish?"

Phil, with a sadly puzzled look on his face, said, "I know I ain't much of a sharp at courtin', Miss Janice, an' like as not I dun it wrong, but I loves you, that's sartin', an' I wudn't do anything ter displeasure you, if I only know'd what you wanted. Dad he says that I wasn't rampageous enough ter suit a gal of spirit, an' that if I'd squoze you now an' agin, 'stead of——"

"That's enough," said Janice. "Mr. Hennion, there is the door."

"Thou art a horrid creature!" added Tibbie.

"I ain't goin' till I've had it all out with you," asserted Phil with a dogged determination.

"Then you force us to leave you," said Janice, rising.

Just as she spoke, the door was thrown open, and Mr. Meredith entered. His eye happened to fall first on Philemon, and without so much as a word of greeting to the girls, he demanded angrily, "Ho! what the devil are you doing here? 'Tis all of a piece

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that a traitor to his king should work by stealth."

Even the worm turns, and Philemon, already hectored to desperation by the girls, gave a loose rein to his sense of the wrong and injustice that it seemed to him every one conspired to heap upon him. "I've dun no hugger-muggery," he roared, shaking his fist in the squire's face, "an' the man's a tarnal liar who says I have."

"Don't try to threaten me, sir!" roared back the squire, but none the less retiring two steps. "Your father's son can't bully Lambert Meredith. But for his cowardice, and others like him, but for the men of all sides and no side, we'd have prevented the Assembly's approving the damned resolves of the Congress. Marry a daughter of mine! I'll see you and your precious begetter in hell first. Don't let me find you snooking about my girl henceforth, or 'twill fare ill with ye, that I warn ye."

"If 'twarn't that you are her father and an old man I'd teach you a lesson," growled Phil, as he went to the door; "as 'tis, look out for yourself. You has enemies enough without making any more."

"There's a good riddance to him," exclaimed the squire. "Well, hast a kiss for thy dad, Jan?"

"A dozen," responded the girl. "But what brought you back? Surely the Assembly has not adjourned?"

"'Tis worse than that," asserted the squire. "For a week we held the rascals at bay, but yesterday news came from England that the ministry had determined not to yield, and in a frenzy the Assembly indorsed the Congress's doings on the spot. As a consequence this morning the king's governor dissolved us, and the writs will shortly be out for a new election. So back I must get me to Brunswick to attend to my poll. I bespoke a message to Charles by Squire Perkins, who rid on to Morristown, telling him to be here with the sleigh to-morrow as early as he could; and meanwhile must trust to some Trenton friend or to the tavern for a bed, if thy father, Tabitha, can't put me up."

Charles reported to the squire at an hour the following morning which indicated either a desire for once to please his master, or some other motive, for an obedience so prompt must have necessited a moonlight start from Greenwood in order to reach Trenton so early. He was told to bait his horses at the tavern, and the time this took was spent by the girls in repeating farewells.

"'Tis a pity thee hast to go before friend Penrhyn hath spoken," said Tibbie, regretfully.

"Isn't it!" sighed Janice. "I did so want to see how he'd say it."

"You may—perhaps Charles——" brokenly but suggestively remarked Tibbie.

"Perhaps," responded Janice, "but 'twill be very different. I know he'll—well, he'll be abrupt and—and excited, and will—his sentences will not be well thought out beforehand. Now Penrhyn would have spoken at length and feelingly. 'Twould have been monstrously enjoyable."

"Wilt tell me what Charles says?"

"If I'm not too flustered to remember," promised Janice. "You know, Tibbie, it frights me a little, for he is just the kind of man to do something desperate."

"And—and you wouldn't——?"

"Tibbie Drinker! A redemptioner!"

"But, Janice, he must have been a gentle——"

"What he was little matters," interrupted the girl. "He's a bond-servant now, and even if he weren't, he has a bristly beard and hair—ugh!"

"Poor fellow!" sighed Tabitha. "'Tis not his fault!"

"Nor is't mine," retorted Janice. "I'm only afraid he will put me in such a flutter that I shan't know what I am saying, and I'm sure I shall blush before he so much as gets out the first word. I wish I was pale and delicate like Betty Glover. 'Tis mortifying to be so healthy."

"Thy waist is at least two inches smaller than hers, when 'tis properly laced."

"But I have red cheeks," moaned Janice, "and, oh, Tibbie, at times I have such an appetite!"

"Oh, Jan! So have I," confided Miss Drinker in the lowest of whispers, as if fearing the walls. "Sometimes when the men are round, I'd eat twice as much, but for the fear they'd think me coarse and——"

"Gemini, yes!" assented Janice. when the speaker paused. "Many and many's the time I've wanted more. But 'tis all right as long as the men don't know that we do."

A pause of some moments followed, and then Janice asked:

"Dost think I am promised to Mr. Evatt, Tibbie?"—for let it be confessed that every incident of what she had pledged herself not to tell had been poured out to her confidante.

"I think so," replied the girl, "and he being used to court ways, would surely know."

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"He's—well, he's a fine figure of a man," owned Janice. "And tho' I never intended it, I'd rather 'twould be he than Philemon Hennion or the parson."

"What if thy father and mother should not consent?" said Tabitha.

"'Twould be lovely!" cried Janice, ecstatically. "Just like a romance. And being court bred, he'd know how to—well—how to give it eclat. Oh, Tibbie, think of making both a runaway match and of going to court!"

Much as Tabitha loved her friend, the little green-eyed monster gained possession of her momentarily. "He may be deceiving thee," she suggested. "Perhaps he never was there."

"Nay. He knows all the titled people. He was at one of Lady Grafton's routs, Tibbie, and was spoke to by the Duke of Cumberland!"

For a man falsely to assert acquaintance with a royal duke seemed so improbable to the girls that this was accepted as indisputable proof. Driven from her first position, Tibbie remarked, "Perhaps he won't return. Many's the maid's been cozened and deserted by the men."

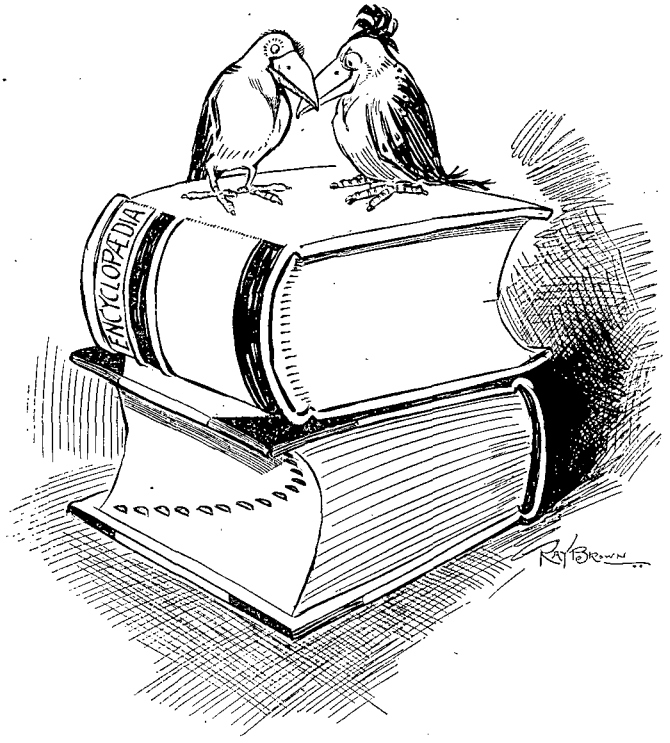
For a minute, either because this idea did not please Janice, or because she needed time to digest it, there was silence.

"Oh, Janice," sighed Tibbie presently, "'tis almost past belief that thee hast had so much happen to thee."

But a few weeks before the girl thought the chief part of her experiences were the most cruel luck that had ever befallen maiden. Yet so quickly does youth put trouble in the past, and so respondent is it to the romantic view of things, that she now promptly answered:

"Is't not, Tibbie! Am I not a lucky girl?"

(*To be continued.*)



TWITTING ON FACTS.

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EUGENE FIELD AND BILL NYE

A Reminiscence and an Original Manuscript

LIKE everyone else I was very much interested in Mr. Luther S. Livingston's little monograph on the publication of the *Denver Tribune Primer*, Eugene Field's first book, in the December issue of The Bookman. It recalled a visit which I made to Denver in 1882, for the purpose of writing up the Mining and Mineral Exposition held there that year, for the Boston *Post* of which I was an accredited travelling correspondent.

Of course I made Mr. Field's acquaintance and met him nearly every day for several weeks. He was then publishing a series of the famous *Primer* in the *Tribune*, of which he was the managing editor, and writing pyramids of verse, much of which has not so far been included in any of his volumes. It was fairly good newspaper verse and was extensively copied, especially by the Western press. One of Mr. Field's fads at that time was to clip out all of his original poems, copied in other papers, and paste them on the ceiling and boarded walls that partitioned off his sanctum from the other editorial departments in the *Tribune* office. These walls, and the ceiling as well, were covered with poetry by Eugene Field. You would see the same poem in a dozen places, scissored from as many papers, and the effect on the eye was odd and curious.

One day Mr. Field told me he had at times some parrot and monkey struggles with the reluctant muse. There were days he said when she was out of sorts and obstinate, and then the mischievous rhymes tried their best to elude his pen. In these emergencies he resorted to the primitive method of audibly repeating the alphabet of monosyllables for some rhyming word that would fit, and meet the nice requirements of syntax and prosody.

For instance, if he desired a word rhyming with the termination *at*, he would commence with the first rhyming word *bat*, and proceed thus: *brat, cat, chat, fat, flat, hat, mat, pat, rat, slat, that*, and so on. And thus he maundered among the plaguey rhymes until he made them tally in sound and sense.

It was rather difficult to credit this confession, and I intimated that he must be springing some occult joke on me; thereupon he solemnly protested that this system of capturing recalcitrant rhymes was a common expedient of his. Well, training does much for poets, as for everybody else, and it may be confidently stated that Mr. Field eventually brought his capricious muse to terms, and obliged her to capitulate; for whatever may be its other deficiencies, his later metrical work betrays none of those stilted, strained, mechanical devices which would indicate that he persisted in "that crude, schoolboy method of composition."

Bill Nye, whom I already had visited in Laramie City, Wyoming, where he then lived (and of whom, by the way, I was the first newspaper writer to give a biographical sketch in print), came to Denver, and knowing I was stopping at the Windsor Hotel, he joined me there. The "boys" on the Denver press gave Nye a dinner at which Field presided, and I remember that there was some side-splitting persiflage exchanged at the table, and some jolly post-prandial oratory.

The next day Field, Nye, Colonel Will Visscher, a breezy and eccentric literary character of the West, and myself, whom they had christened "the Baby," went to a photograph "gallery," and the four of us were taken in a group picture. I have never been able to procure a copy of that photograph, though I would give considerably more than my royalties on my first book of verses to possess it. I have even forgotten the name of the photographer—a clear case of aphasia. Mr. Field afterward wrote me that he too had searched for that photograph, but without success.

As I was taking my leave of Bill Nye

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in Denver he thrust a long envelope into my hand and said: "Here is a little manuscript sketch I wrote as far back as 1870. I give it to you as a proof that I was not always a jester with the quill. Perhaps when you are writing my obituary some time you can use it."

And sure enough the pathetic and pretty little sketch comes in conveniently now, though I am not writing poor Bill Nye's obituary. I transcribe it from the original, and here it is:

An Unfinished Poem.

BY BILL NYE.

Once, a long time ago, I began to write a poem. It was to be perfect in metre and in rhyme, and so truthful in sentiment that thousands of hearts should throb and thrill to its music. I began it with high hopes, and christened it with the name of a child. But the work moved slowly, and the lines seemed very tame, so that I returned again and again to the child-model for inspiration, and looked into the merry eyes for help.

So it came to pass that very little of my time was devoted to the poem, and a great deal was devoted to my hero. No slave ever lived under a more unlimited monarchy than I under the reign of a pair of laughing eyes, and no true loyal subject ever bowed in meeker submission or blessed his sweet bondage as I did, with my neck beneath the dimpled foot of my conqueror.

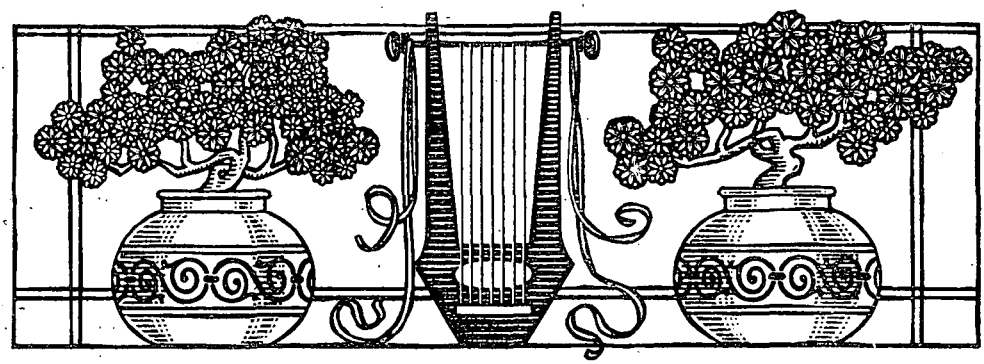
Thus the Summer came with the tinkling music of the bobolink, the misty blue of June mornings, and the evening concerts of the sleepy-voiced crickets. The long, dreary days were short to me, for I was under a spell, and the wand of the enchanter was a baby's tiny rattle. So I still dreamed on of the poem that should crown this Summer vision with an ode to my king, the beck of whose chubby hand was my law.

But the poem is only half finished. It was broken off in the middle of a sentence, and now it is growing yellow beneath a pair of scarlet and white stockings. Those Summer days are locked in a frozen sky; the roses and the violets are covered with the drifting snow. With the death of the year came the time for the waxen hands to be forever still; those hands that hold my heartstrings in their eternal stillness; those hands that seem to touch me yet and take me back to that golden Summer time when I was trying to write my poem.

There are tears in this touching little piece, especially when it is understood that the humourist was writing about his baby boy of whom he was robbed by the White Dread, and whom the genial funmaker has since joined.

There is no need to speak of Nye's subsequent rise to popularity and his exceptional career as "a jester with the quill." Have we not all laughed with him, and found our heavy hours grow light with his abundant mirth?

Leon Mead.



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THE ART OF THE MONTH

QUITE exceeding all the other events in importance, the exhibition of the collected work of John S. Sargent, at Copley Hall, in Boston, last month was the great notable art happening of the season. Nor was the interest confined to the artist and the connoisseur, for the public flocked in great multitudes to the show, and came away much impressed. It may be said without exaggeration that the display has never been equalled by any of our own countrymen and has rarely been approached by the European. Though we were prepared for a remarkable showing, our expectations were more than realised, and Sargent stands to-day the most astonishing American art product of the century.

There were something like fifty portraits hung in the admirably arranged gallery, with as many sketches, studies, and drawings, and together they made an interesting history of the man's experimentings and accomplishments, running over a period of twenty years. Scarce any man seems ever to have had more command over his medium than Sargent. His work is the apotheosis of technical dexterity, and the paint flows from the end of his brush like magic. His brilliancy is phenomenal, and it must be confessed is his most prominent attribute; but although we may never get away from this fact, it does not stop here. He gets the characteristics of his sitters every time to a surprising degree, and though these are, one feels, of the more superficial order, it is nevertheless impossible not to be impressed, standing before his efforts. I think that a group of four pictures at Copley Hall, including Mrs. Arthur Meyer and her children, the Wertheimer portrait of the

VISITORS.

From the water colour by E. A. Abbey, in the Havemeyer Collection.

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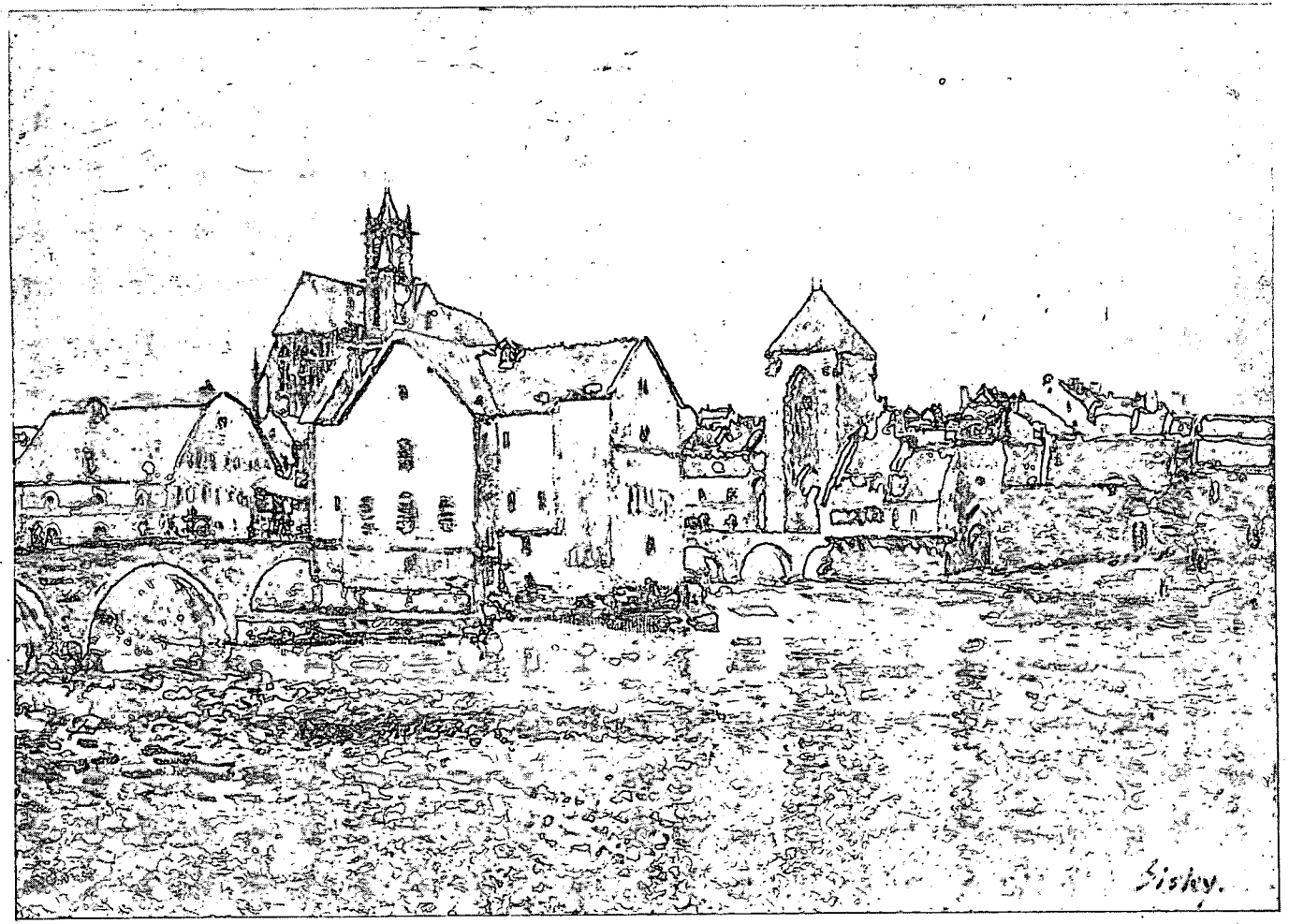

LA PORT DE MORET.

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Hebrew picture dealer of London, the Lady Agnew, and the Mrs. Davis and children, show a remarkable range, quite unexcelled by any modern man and rarely surpassed by the old masters in the art of portraiture. Each is different in its way, in execution, in conception and in the handling. The Mrs. Meyer is all sparkle and brilliancy; the Mrs. Davis all sobriety and seriousness; the Lady Agnew all sentiment and delicately effeminate, while the Wertheimer is a *tour de force*, on a plane entirely its own, and taken all around is the artist's masterpiece.

What other living man could do all of them? I know of none. But it is certain that Mr. Sargent has by no means said his last word. The man is only forty-three, in full possession of his health and strength, and has every incentive to continue in the serious methods that have always appealed to him. How far he may go no man can say. It is, however, regretable that the show could not have come to this city, and to others for that matter, for it carried with it a lesson both to the student and to the public. To the first, by showing what it is to keep, despite natural gifts, to a serious, logical course of study, ignoring success and the flattery of the world, never to rest content on well-won laurels, but to set the highest standards and work continually towards that end; to the public, as showing that the native can, with proper encouragement, quite hold his own in the world's competition, and maintaining his dignity, arrive at a position almost unequalled among the painters of all nations.

ALFRED SISLEY, 1839-1898.

By courtesy of Durand-Ruel, Paris and New York.

Sharing with Mr. Sargent his honours as a member of the Royal Academy, Mr. Edwin A. Abbey is another highly interesting American in these days. Two of his early pictures have come up in the auction rooms of late. The "Autumn" in the Clarke collection and "Visitors" in the Havemeyer sale. Mr. Abbey's pictures give the spectator an idea that the painter takes a positive enjoyment

A GROUP OF THE QUEEN'S HOUNDS AT ASCOT HEATH, ENGLAND.

By Henry R. Poore, A. N. A.

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MOTHER AND CHILD.

From a pastel by Mary Cassatt. By permission of Durand-Ruel, Paris and New York.

in his work. It all seems so spontaneous, so easily done, and there is never a trace of the labour and discouragements that must of necessity accompany the performance. Mr. Abbey is a year older than Mr. Sargent, and the two have been intimately associated for many years, occupying a studio together in Broadway, England, now for several seasons. Mr. Abbey's decorations for the Boston Public Library improve on acquaintance, and his recent English work in the Royal Academy exhibitions shows decided advance, an intelligent progress and a continual searching after the greater truths in his art. Like Sargent, he too never seems satisfied with his previous efforts, surely a healthy sign, and his last canvas is generally his best.

In the death of Alfred Sisley, the school of French impressionists loses one of its most brilliant members, and though his technical methods and choice of subjects differed little from those of Monet, I think his colour was more refined, of rarer subtlety, and of a greater

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CONVERSATION.

From a pastel by Mary Cassatt. By permission of Durand-Ruel, Paris and New York.

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THE GIFT OF ROSES.

By Albert Herter. Awarded the Evans Prize at the recent exhibition of the American Water Colour Society.

harmony. But, after all, his art was only a reflection of Monet, without whose initiative it may be doubted if the younger man would ever have ventured into such a novel direction, and by his imitativeness he naturally has not the same claim to respect that is demanded for Monet. One may easily trace the mannerisms, the same careless disregard of landscape forms and details, and the subordination of composition, line, and grace, to the realisation of light and air. Once more comes up the old question as to which are the most important elements of picture-making. I contend that the greatest masters were those who combined the greatest number of qualities, not those who were content with one or two particular realisations; and surely the man who is willing to sink his individuality in following more or less blindly the work of another, be that work never so admirable, may never successfully lay claim to authority in art matters.

An interesting case in point is that of another American, a woman this time, Miss Mary Cassatt, who has lived a long time in France, where she has enjoyed an intimate artistic association with the leading men of the impressionistic school. Their influence has ever been apparent in her work, but through it all, the woman has never lost sight of her own personality, and her canvases bear to-day, as always, indisputable traces of her own individuality not to be mistaken. Personally, I am inclined to think she has wisely taken almost all the good from these men and rejected pretty much all the bad, and I attribute it to a case of stronger temperament on the part of Miss Cassatt. The examples here reproduced give as far as may be in black and white an idea of what I mean. Of recent years she has devoted her art to the portrayal of children and infancy in particular. To those who are familiar with the difficulties attending the delineation of child life, the seriousness of the task will be appreciated. It must be almost entirely a question of feeling, for

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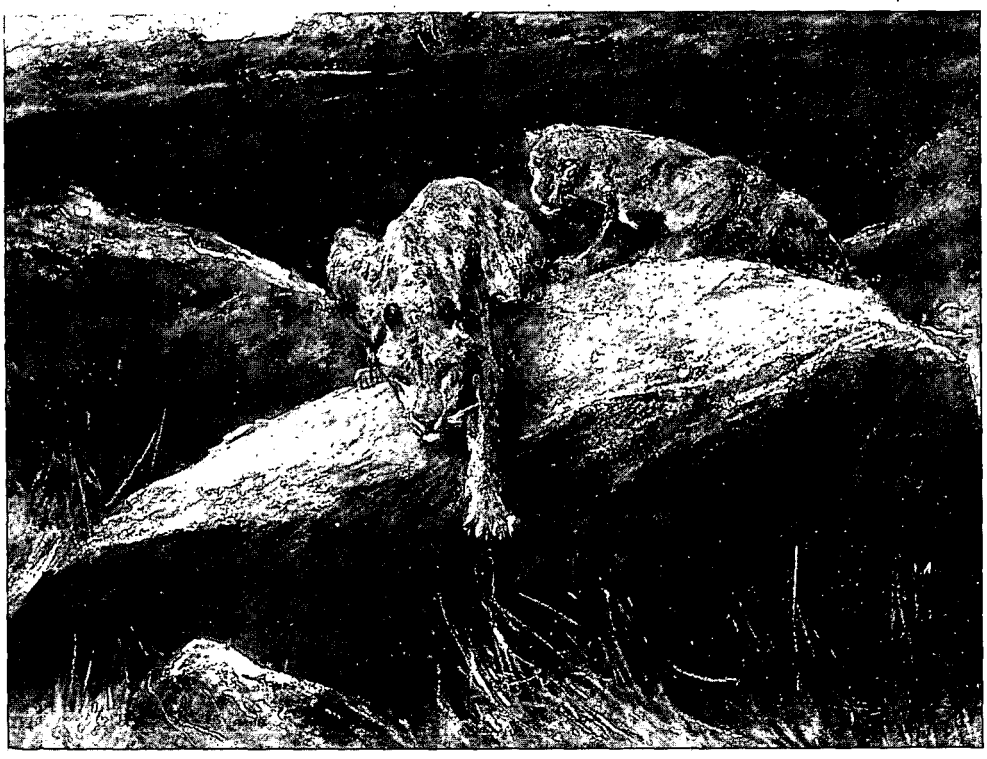

TIGERS BY MOONLIGHT.

By Arthur Wardle. By permission of Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons.

one can scarcely hope to have any maintenance of the pose or of an expression, for half an hour at a time. So it is that the painter has to depend on quick impressions, to catch fleeting nuances of action and character. But Miss Cassatt succeeds and with great sympathy has fixed on her canvas the delicacy of the infantile face and movement, and she tells the story with abiding truth and grace.

Two exhibitions of animal painting have attracted attention in this city recently. One was the work of a young Englishman, Arthur Wardle, at the Tooth gallery in this city. Mr. Wardle has given his attention to the portrayal of wild animals and in so doing enters a field that has been little exploited, for one may number those who are working in this direction on the fingers of one hand. Naturally the man who would depict the untamed beast of the forest, must take his inspiration from the specimens detained behind bars in the Zoölogical gardens. There is little chance under such circumstances to get much idea of the action and the untrammelled manners of the beasts, and to succeed it is necessary to have a natural feeling for and sympathy with the subject, so as to give an aspect of realism. This Mr. Wardle does, however; so did Barye, and so does Swan, a fellow-countryman of Wardle. The catlike action, the stealthiness and the tremendous reserve force of tigers, lions, leopards and others of the tribes, Mr. Wardle expresses with truth and genuine knowledge.

Mr. Henry R. Poore gives to the dog that which the other secured for the wild animals, and though the problem is simpler, it is harder in a way to give satisfaction to the average spectator, for all the world loves a dog and knows him through and through. Mistakes of anatomy and movement, of construction and colour, and the many attributes of the canine race, are detected at a glance. In painting the subject here reproduced, Mr. Poore had material of the best, for the hounds were of the Queen's kennels,

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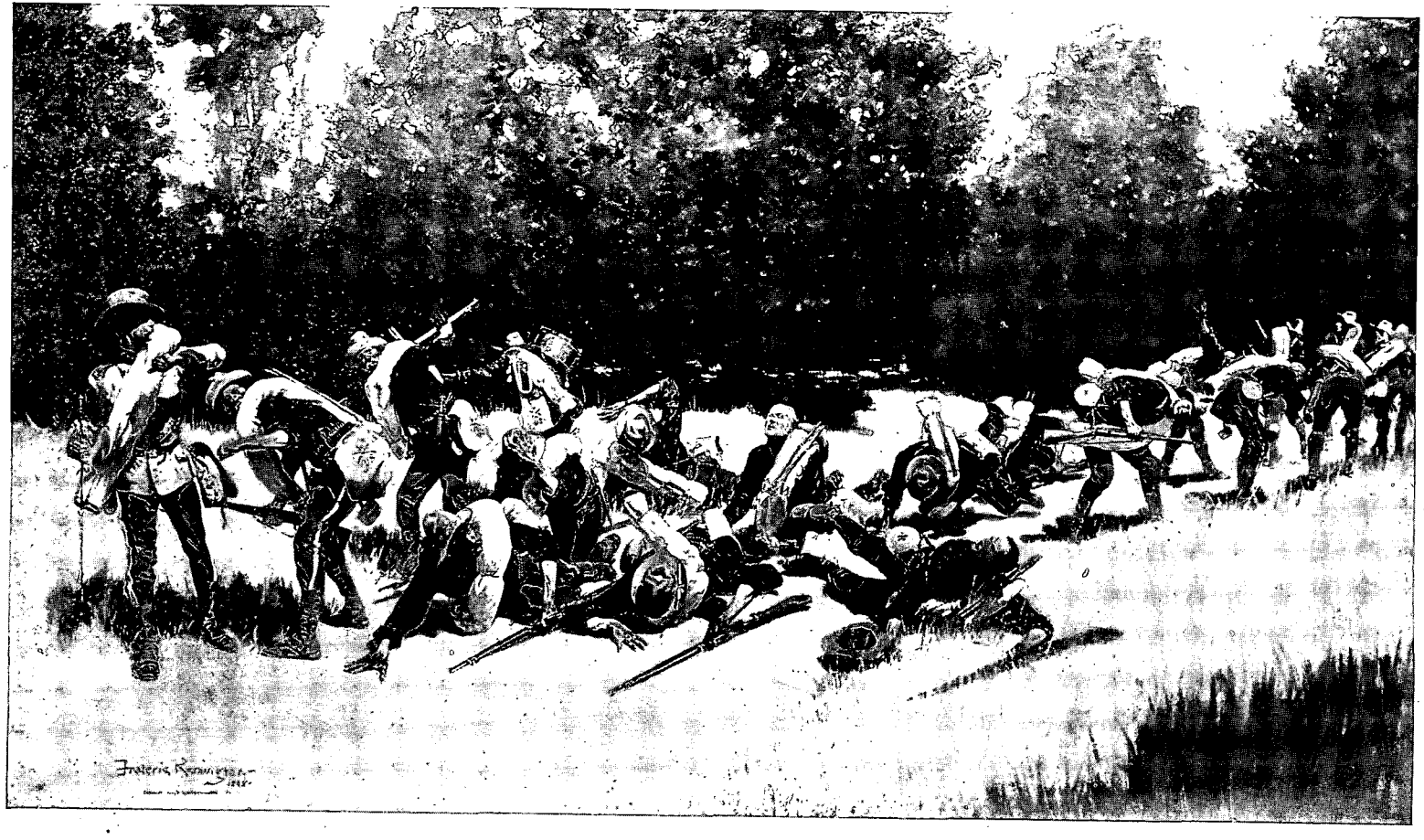

THE CHARGE.

From the painting by Frederic Remington. By permission of the publisher, R. H. Russell, New York. Copyright, 1899, by Frederic Remington.

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and were of the finest breeds obtainable. In quite a different direction is the incompleted picture by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. It is not often that the outside world is permitted to see the beginnings of a master and his preliminary lay-ins of an important composition. It is a veritable peep behind the scenes. In the original, only the draperies have received any colour. They are blue and but begun. The heads, with a single exception, are in charcoal; one has some monochrome scumbled on; but, slight as the work is, there are evident the knowledge and the directness of a master.

Among the notable art results of the recent war with Spain, are some pictures by Frederic Remington, published by Mr. R. H. Russell, in large carbon prints. They are executed in the familiar manner of this artist, and as he was on the spot and participated in the dangers of the campaign, there is little swerving in the compositions from the realism of actual warfare, with the human touches, only possible under such circumstances. Hitherto, painters have drawn largely on their imagination for their material. But we have changed all that in these later days of cameras and personal observation. There is not much poetry in fighting battles. Afterwards perhaps, in recalling the event, the discomfort and the fatigue are half-forgotten, and only the heroic side is remembered. But as it took place, all excitement, heat, worry and danger, Mr. Remington represents the scene, and he does it with convincing authority. The set consists of three pictures, "Missing," "The Charge," and "The Scream of the Shrapnel," and I know of no one who has succeeded in giving a more vivid transcript of the tragedy of war. *Arthur Hoeber.*

OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S LITTLE SUPPERS

While in the Middle Temple Blackstone's brain
  At midnight marshals mooted points of law,
  Or, picking in a deed some hidden flaw,
Is marking out a way his cause to gain,
Rude laughter, shouts, and comic songs that rain
  With torrent roar, as if from Bedlam's straw,
  The riot rose, and whoops that usquebaugh
And reeling dances toss up in their train
Come from the rooms above to madden him
  With hot confusion surging through his head.
Nor knew he then that eyes would oft be dim
  The while that noisy neighbour's lines they read
And gentle smiles sweet ladies' lips would brim
  At all his Vicar's household did and said.

Charles Woodward Hutson.

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GEORGE MEREDITH AND THOMAS HARDY

ENGLISH authors nowadays have little to complain of in the treatment which they receive at the hands of the American publishers. Indeed, if there need be any complaint it might come as a protest from the reader's side against the publishers who make a little literary tin god of every new author who succeeds in "catching on," by dressing his books out in "new and uniform editions." The new edition of the works of George Meredith, however, is calculated to give satisfaction to all parties. This edition in sixteen volumes, published by the Messrs. Scribner, contains Mr. Meredith's recent revision, and there we might register a gentle protest, but we said all that we had to say at the time the revision first appeared about two years ago. Each volume has a photogravure frontispiece, and may be obtained apart from the set. Of the work itself, it is surely superfluous to write at this late date in Mr. Meredith's career. There are those who will agree with us that he has bestowed an imperishable literature on the world; there are at least many who will say of his work as he himself has said of the chronicles of Baba Mustapha in *The Shaving of Shagpat:* "They that have searched say of them, there is matter therein for the amusement of generations."

George Meredith passed his seventieth birthday last year, having been born in Hampshire, in the year 1828. He came of obscure parentage, and the fact that artisan blood runs in his veins accounts perhaps for his wonderful insight into homely characters. While still very young, his parents died, and left him to be educated as a ward in Chancery. During the impressionable years of boyhood, he came under strong Teutonic influences in Germany, and was recalled thence by his guardian at the age of fifteen to devote himself to a study of the law. The profession, however, was distasteful to the young lad, and he soon deserted it for literature. Unsuccessful at first in poetry, he then published the fantastic series of tales in *The Shaving of Shagpat*, and a short story called "Farina," in his early twenties. At the age of twenty-seven *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* appeared, and at once attracted the attention of the critics. "No writer," says Mr. Gilman of Concord, and a friend of Mr. Meredith's, "has fought harder for fame and fortune than George Meredith. His life in London for many years was a hand-to-hand struggle with poverty in its harshest forms. He found himself hampered at the threshold of his literary life with pecuniary difficulties, and with heavy debts, not of his own contracting. For one entire year, it is said, he lived exclusively upon a diet of oatmeal." In addition to this burden of debt and the very discouraging reception which his first literary efforts met with, Mr. Meredith's early married life was deeply embittered. His wife, who was a daughter of Thomas Love Peacock, now remembered as an English humourist, was a singularly brilliant and witty woman, and her death after twelve years of marriage closed a tragic chapter of his life. Some years later, Mr. Meredith married again, but since 1886, when his second wife died, he has lived alone at Box Hill, not far from London, with his son and daughter for company.

An American visitor to Box Hill some years ago, was very much impressed with the splendidly healthy tone and superabundant life of the man, and remarked the vigour and sanity in his way of looking at things which is so characteristic of his work. One need not talk with Mr. Meredith to discover his hatred of shams and sentimentality, for this is a prominent keynote of his work. But this visitor had it impressed upon him anew in a refreshing manner. Upon making some wholly obvious and commonplace reference to the changing leaves, and the sombreness of their colour in comparison with that of our

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American foliage, the visitor finished with a platitude about the English views being more pleasing, as they were less obtrusive and suggestive of the dying year, which meant the flickering of one more series of candles on another Christmas night that would never return. Mr. Meredith had no place for sentimentality of this sort. What was there, he protested, in the thought of the passing years that should be sad? It was life, more life and fuller, for which man should be ever seeking; but life was not to be had by whining into a past that had turned tail and fled. Rather men must look up bravely, planted on the honest present, to the problems of the pressing future, never content to live in a fool's paradise, but always courting activity, and making use of moments as they came so bravely, so well, that such moments would be quite transformed into the energy of character, not left behind to haunt you like sloughed chrysalises of vanished butterfly hopes and impulses. No wonder the visitor recalled Mr. Meredith's saying, "You may start a sermon from stones to hit the stars."

Not long ago Messrs. Harper and Brothers completed a uniform edition of the works of Thomas Hardy, and since then the same firm has issued his new volume of poems, which also contains some illustrations by Mr. Hardy. We hope that later the publishers will follow the good example of the Messrs. Scribner and publish an edition of Mr. Hardy's poems uniform with the set of his works, as was done with Mr. Meredith's poems. Mr. Hardy's new volume, *Wessex Poems*, is not what one would call a pleasing book, but it is full of interest. That Mr. Hardy was a poet every reader of his novels must have known. In *Wessex Poems* he has elected to throw his poetry into verse, and by no means unsuccessfully. Yet it is as a great writer of prose, one of our very greatest, that he will permanently stand. There are a few pieces of verse in his new volume that will remain in the memory when the work of younger poets by profession will be forgotten, but the Titan works with an instrument that is not quite pliable in his hand; in other words, Mr. Hardy is not a great poet in the accepted sense.

Mr. Hardy's worn and thoughtful face, his gentle and courteous manner, are a true index of his quality. Whatever one may think of his opinions, nobody can deny that they are the result of severe travail and an earnest effort to understand the meaning of what he has found himself compelled to reject. Some one has said that the only complaint any one could make of Mr. Hardy is that he does not know how great a man he is. He takes much too seriously the attacks of small critics. He is one of those men

THE CHÂLET, BOX HILL, WHERE MR. MEREDITH WRITES HIS BOOKS.

of genius who are quite devoid of self-consciousness. In general company he is very silent. Half a dozen journalists have been heard discussing style in his company, and he, very nearly the first stylist left to us, has sat quiet and attentive as if he wished to learn. And yet Mr. Hardy is a most animated and brilliant talker, and, as might be expected, he holds decided opinions, and has a decidedly independent view of contemporary literature. He is an admirer of Mr. George Gissing and was one of the

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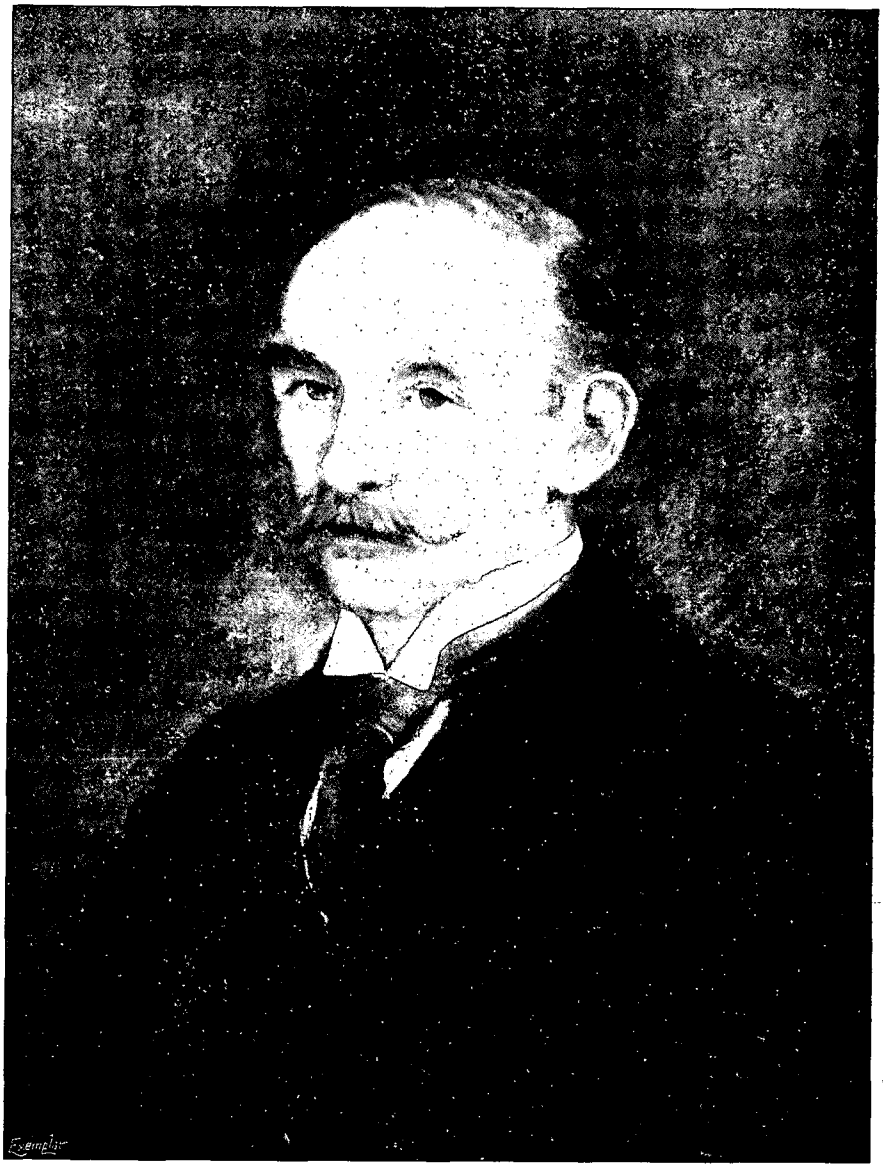

THOMAS HARDY.

From a painting by Miss Winifred Thomson. By kind permission of Mr. Hardy.

earliest to discern the promise in Miss Mary E. Wilkins.

Mr. Hardy's first printed article appeared in *Chambers's Journal* for March 18th, 1865, and was entitled "How I Built Myself a House." Mr. Hardy's article commenced quite in the manner of Mr. James Payn, who was then editor of the *Journal*. "My wife Sophia, myself, and the beginning of a happy line, formerly lived in the suburbs of London in the sort of a house called a Highly Desirable, Semi-Detached Villa. But in reality our residence was the very opposite of what we wished it to be." He went on to tell pleasantly how the house was built, and how after it was too late Sophia jumped out of bed with the exclamation: "Oh! that builder! Not a single bar of any sort is there to the nursery windows; and, John, some day those

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poor little children will tumble out in their innocence—how should they know better?—and be dashed to pieces. Why *did* you put the nursery on the second floor?" Next morning some bars were put up. Mr. Hardy at this time was only twenty-five, and was the pupil of an architect in Dorchester. He was for a time very deeply interested in religion, and contemplated a clerical career. He wrote verses, too, most of them religious. Literature claimed him at this period only intermittently, and not until 1871, when he was past thirty, did he produce that curious but powerful and promising book, *Desperate Remedies*. This was followed immediately by a literary triumph in *Under the Greenwood Tree*—one of the most perfect things in English fiction. *A Pair of Blue Eyes* followed, and then came his first popular success, *Far from the Madding Crowd*.

How this novel came to be written deserves telling. Mr. Frederick Greenwood, an excellent judge of literature, was then editing the *Cornhill Magazine*. Attracted by the word "Greenwood," he picked up a copy of *Under the Greenwood Tree* at a railway book-stall, and was so impressed by the power of the work that he engaged the author to write a serial for the *Cornhill*. This serial turned out to be *Far from the Madding Crowd*, which at once secured the writer a foremost position among living authors. It was published anonymously, and the *Spectator* made a guess that George Eliot was the writer. Mr. George Meredith was one of the first to recognise the promise of unusual power in *Desperate Remedies*, and we believe that Mr. John Morley, between whom and Mr. Meredith there has long been a warm friendship, was equally appreciative.

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE AND THE NEW CHAIR IN ENGLISH LITERATURE AT PRINCETON

AT a meeting of the trustees of Princeton University held on March 9th it was announced that $100,000 had been raised to endow a new chair in English literature, on condition that Dr. Henry van Dyke should be its first incumbent. Dr. van Dyke was unanimously elected professor, according to the terms of the gift, and the trustees voted to call the new chair the "Murray chair" in recognition of the services of Dr. James O. Murray, the dean of the University.

Only recently Dr. van Dyke refused an offer from the Johns Hopkins University after having expressed his desire to accept it, and his intimation to his congregation to that effect was unmistakable. Dr. van Dyke referred to this in his notice to them of the call to Princeton on Sunday, March 12th: "I had thought that matter settled by what passed between us on February 5th," he said. "I have not changed my mind at all from what I said then. If you have changed yours I am very sorry. I have no intention of going away from the Brick Church at present—or next fall—unless you indicate that you prefer to have me do so."

The election to the Princeton professorship was made with the proviso that the time of entrance upon its duties should be left to Dr. van Dyke's convenience. We are authorised to say that Dr. van Dyke will accept the election now, with this condition. This leaves him free to continue his pastoral work while the present needs of the church exist. Dr. van Dyke will not give up his pastorate until the responsibilities resting upon him have been fairly met. Precisely when that will be is uncertain.

Dr. van Dyke is a graduate of both Princeton University and the Theological Seminary, and was elected last year to the Board of Trustees to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. John

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Faithfully Yours Henry van Dyke

Hall. He has been with the Brick Presbyterian Church in Fifth Avenue since 1882. His election to the professorship of English literature at Princeton is at once a source of gratification and a recognition of literary merit and of service in the interests of American literature.

Dr. van Dyke's literary plans during the summer vacation include a fourth Christmas story, to be added to the three already published, and three or four more woodland tales like "A Lover of Music," which appears in the current number of *Scribner's*. "If I ever get time to tell them they may make a book," he says, "and I'd like to print them on birch bark and bind in deerskin and decorate with outlines of little fishes!"

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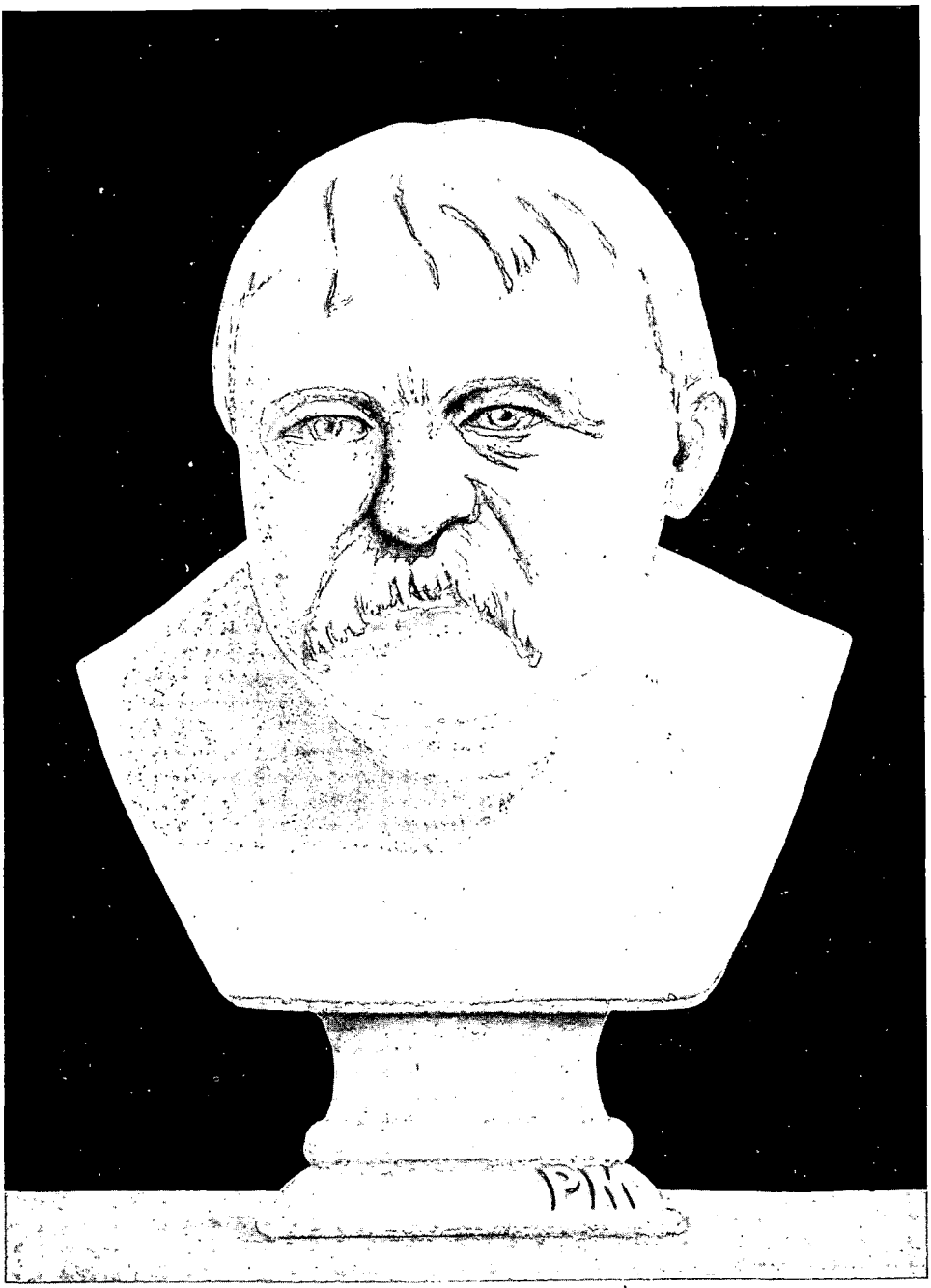

THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY SCULPTURE GALLERY. NO. II.—THE DEAN OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

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EDOUARD ROD.

EDOUARD ROD

A COMPARATIVELY new writer, Charles Recolin, has recently brought himself into notice in Paris, through a curious little volume of critical essays, *L'Anarchie Littéraire*, which, in spite of its somewhat startling title, contains a number of well-considered judgments of contemporary authors, and not the least interesting of these is his estimate of the writings of Edouard Rod. M. Recolin ventures to predict that when the time comes for writing a history of the evolution of ideas during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, M. Rod will be one of the first witnesses consulted, since "no one has been more fully penetrated with the thoughts of his time, and no one has interpreted them with more scrupulous sincerity."

In this country, where the name of the author of *La Course à la Mort* was sel-

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dom heard until after his acceptance of the invitation extended by the Harvard Cercle Français, it may occasion some surprise to find him valued so highly by a critic who, on the whole, takes a sombre view of contemporary letters; and yet the estimate is eminently just. M. Rod is not perhaps what may be called a brilliant writer. Like one of his most obvious masters, Henri Beyle, he has never sought to be a stylist, preferring always to subordinate the form to the thought. As a critic, he has neither Brunetière's subtlety in dialectics, nor the indulgent irony of Anatole France. As a novelist, he lacks that inborn gift of word-painting which is equally essential to the idyllic pages of Pierre Loti and the panoramic realism of Emile Zola. Nor is he an adept in the psychology of feminine unreason, after the manner of a Bourget or a Marcel Prévost. His romances are generally made of sterner stuff; there is a virile note in them which is often missing in the works of his fellow psychologues; in fact, in everything that he does, Rod is inclined to take himself and his vocation very seriously; whether he is studying German philosophy in a four-hundred-page *Essai sur Goethe*, or analyzing, in a novelette like *L'Innocente*, the narrow prejudices of Alpine village life, he is equally in earnest. He has sought conscientiously to grasp and to assimilate the dominant tendencies of his time, not only in France, but in the world at large. "A cultured man," he insists, "has not the right to be ignorant of the lofty or powerful manifestations of foreign thought," and in so far as literary cosmopolitanism signifies the appreciation of the best thought in all literatures, he is one of the most thoroughly cosmopolitan writers now living. As a result, he has produced a series of works which, beginning with his *Course à la Mort*, show a steady and consistent mental growth, while at the same time they offer to those who can read between the lines, a chronological record of the principal influences which, during these years, have successively swayed continental literature. And for this reason, if for no other, he is a noteworthy figure among contemporary men of letters in France.

It should be remembered, however, that M. Rod is not a Frenchman by birth, but a native of Switzerland, and very loyal he is to that home of robust character and of vigorous thought,—"the mother country of his dreams, his purest thoughts and highest joys." He was born in 1857, at Nyon on Lake Geneva, whence, throughout his childhood, he must have beheld Mont Blanc, as he describes it in *Les Roches Blanches*, "colossal, wrapt in eternal repose, and living, beneath the changing play of light, the mysterious life of its vast glaciers." With all his cosmopolitanism, he has found, among his native Alps, the inspiration of some of his happiest pages.

In obedience to that tendency toward centralisation, against which Barrès inveighs so strongly in *Les Déracinés*, Rod made his way at an early age to Paris, and entered on a career of journalism. But he was not destined to remain there long. In 1884 he became the editor of the *Revue Suisse*, and three years later, upon the death of Marc Monnier, he was appointed to succeed him as professor of literature at the University of Geneva. The attraction of the French capital, however, eventually proving too strong, he tendered his resignation, and has since devoted himself exclusively to writing.

It is the fate of many young authors to lose a certain amount of time in trying to find their true path,—in "making that voyage around themselves, in search of a soul which they hardly yet know, and still less understand." Edouard Rod's mistake, like that of so many of "Les Jeunes" of his day, lay in casting in his lot with the naturalists. "Zola had intoxicated us," he writes in explanation. "Not by his success—for at twenty, when one's heart is sound, one thinks so little of success—but by the vigour of his still disputed talent, by the boldness of his attitude in the face of the unjust attacks which rained upon him." His first offering on the shrine of naturalism was *Palmyre Veulard*, a story about on a level with Huysmans's *Sœurs Vatard*, and appropriately dedicated to "the author of *Nana*." Doumic has characterised it, in his incisive way, as "a fine example of literary fervour," "conscientiously brutal and deliberately unclean," but beyond this questionable merit, it had nothing to recommend it; and un-

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like Zola, in the case of *Les Mystères de Marseilles*, the author has been wise enough to consign it to kindly oblivion.

It was not long, however, before Rod, in common with Huysmans, Hennique, and others of the younger group, awoke to the knowledge that he had needs which naturalism could not satisfy.

> Naturalism is in its essence satisfied with itself, very limited, materialistic, interested in manners rather than in characters, in matter rather than soul. We, on the other hand, were restless spirits, idealists absorbed in the infinite, caring little for manners, and in all material things seeing nothing but man. To take concrete examples, naturalism was tending in literature towards Balzac, in art towards Manet, or even Corbet; we followed Stendhal and Gustave Moreau.

The reaction, when it came, was radical. After having published half a dozen volumes of little worth, he produced at last, in 1885, his first work of real significance, *La Course à la Mort*, which a recent critic, Henri Bordeaux, has called "a troublous poem of modern pessimism." This strange book is the joint product of a number of extraneous influences which it would not be difficult to trace, even if he had not so frankly acknowledged them in a sort of literary confession of faith which forms the preface to *Les Trois Cœurs*. First in order of time came the influence of the music of Wagner, "so intuitive, so successful in noting sensations with such marvellous exactitude" After this came pessimism, the pessimism of Leopardi, and more especially of Schopenhauer, "so clairvoyant and so skilful at discovering the discords between man and nature." The English school of Pre-Raphaellites appealed to him strongly, both by its painting which, "drawing its inspiration from the Primitives, suggests by its lines and colours the world of thoughts enclosed within a human body;" and by "that admirable English poetry which teaches the immateriality of words and images." But above all he acknowledges his debt to the Russian school of novelists, and to M. de Vogüé, whose studies in that field have had "an importance upon which we cannot too strongly insist." These influences and others of which he does not speak at this time, led Rod a year later to attempt to summarise in a single volume "the opinions which certain guides of contemporary thought have advanced regarding the essential problems of mortality." This volume, *Les Idées Morales du Temps Présent*, forms his first contribution to literary criticism.

Coming to us, as he does, as a successor of René Doumic and Ferdinand Brunetière, M. Rod naturally appeals to us first of all as a critic. He has not defined his tenets of criticism with quite the same outspoken frankness as he has his creed as a novelist; but it is easy to gather from his writings that, while he stands for objective as against subjective criticism, he is scarcely more in sympathy with the dogmatism of Brunetière than with the impressionism of Anatole France. In his *Idées Morales*, indeed, he not only declares succinctly that "on almost every subject he professes opinions diametrically opposed to M. Brunetière," but he combats with no small degree of skill and vigour many of the latter's pet doctrines, and especially the possibility of eliminating the personal element, or hated "I":

> In displaying his hatred of the "I" M. Brunetière shows us one of the most distinctive traits of his own particular "I," of that "I" which he wishes to conceal, and which persistently betrays itself! It is his "I" which detests the "I," it is his "I" which defends objective criticism, and since he is what he is, and not something different, it is his "I" which, in spite of his protestations, has imposed upon him those fundamental ideas, of which his critique is but the expression—and of which his fine talent is but the garment.

Recently, however, Rod's attitude towards the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has become more conciliatory. In a sympathetic study of Anatole France, contained in his latest volume of essays—one of the most subtle and profound analyses that have yet been made of that complex and elusive personality—he begins by quoting the latter's definition that "criticism is a species of romance for the use of enlightened and inquiring spirits," and that "the good critic is he who relates the adventures of his soul in the midst of masterpieces;" and he goes on to say:

> We however believe, in common with M. Brunetière, that there is another kind of

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criticism. The writer who strives to practice objective criticism undoubtedly puts into it something of himself, if it be only the idea which he has of criticising objectively. But he does not write the "romance of his soul;" he writes, so far as he can conceive it, the romance of the soul of another. A painter who makes a portrait, puts into it his work and his whole artist's soul; and yet the portrait is not his; it is that of another, and it even has a chance of being a good likeness.

And a little further on, in the same article, he says: "M. France has frequently affirmed that objective criticism could not exist. It does exist nevertheless, quite as much as objective art, if not more, and is even tending to become scientific, as was shown a few years ago by our much regretted friend, Emile Hennequin." To a certain extent Rod may be regarded as a disciple of Hennequin, who was one of the first to appreciate his *Course à la Mort*, and whose methods, as set forth in *La Critique Scientifique*, were well calculated to appeal to his speculative mind. He is especially in sympathy with the doctrine that "a work of art exerts an æsthetic influence on those persons alone whose mental peculiarities are reproduced in its characters," and that accordingly the social significance of a book depends upon whether it appeals to a large group or to a small one. The fact is that Rod, whether novelist or critic, is first, last and always a moralist. His great preoccupation, whether analysing a book or a soul, is to cast up the balance of its moral significance. The moral and ethical influence which a volume may have upon the world at large interests him more than its purely literary value, which, he concedes, is to some extent a matter of opinion. Nothing better illustrates Rod's attitude toward literature than his *Idées Morales du Temps Present*. An attempt to "draw up a balance-sheet of the moral ideas of his contemporaries" is, he admits, an impracticable enterprise, but he has attempted to arrive at approximate results by choosing ten authors whom he regards as representative, and arranging them in a graded series, extending from negative to positive, from Ernest Renan to Eugène-Melchior de Vogüé. M. Renan, the "high-priest of nothingness," the exponent of "dogmatic scepticism," is well chosen to represent the negative current, which, he tells us, has lately been augmented by two others, the pessimistic current of Schopenhauer and the naturalistic current of Zola. Purely intellectual writers, like Bourget and Lemaître, have gone with the stream; others, represented by Scherer, have drifted aimlessly. Among those who have resisted, he places first the independent moralists like Alexandre Dumas; next Brunetière, the champion of tradition; and lastly Tolstoy and de Vogüé, as representing those who have frankly taken the side of religion.

Such is the skeleton of a very curious book which should be read by all who wish to understand M. Rod's peculiar mental attitude. The question naturally suggests itself, What place we are to assign to M. Rod himself in this "moral balance-sheet" which he has so painstakingly constructed? It is a question easier to ask than to answer. In his early enthusiasm for Zola, he had, as we have seen, drifted a long way in what he chooses to designate as the negative direction; afterward, under the influence of Tolstoy and de Vogüé, he undertook to stem the current, but frankly admitted that for his own part he could not go so far as they "along the path of neo-Christianism." It will be safest, perhaps, to place him somewhere midway, not far from Bourget and Lemaître, and among the group that he has himself described as "yielding to the current, while they still remained attached by age or education to the ideas which it was devastating." In M. Rod's case the attachment to the old ideas is more tenacious than he will admit. Deny it as he will, he cannot emancipate himself from his Geneva training, from the inherited strain of Swiss Protestantism. The conflict between psychologue and moralist which is constantly going on within him is nowhere more apparent than in his novels, which have always been his chosen vehicle of expression. Disciple of Stendhal though he is, with his finger always on the pulse of the emotions, he cannot remain impassive when confronted by problems of right and wrong, by the necessity of choosing between duty and inclination. Sin, in the Calvinistic sense, recurs again and again in his pages. It is in this preoccupation with moral questions that he differs so strik-

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ingly from Bourget, whose manner of solving psychological problems he stigmatises as "sentimental casuistry." He has scant patience with the latter's heroes and heroines, "young women with the beauty of poisonous flowers, and men with dried-up hearts, who are even more worthless than they," and the records of their frailties leave him with "an immense yearning to apply to them that common, inflexible, and brutal rule inscribed by the ancient sacred law-givers on their brazen tablets." Bourget, he thinks, gives undue prominence to the mundane side of life, to physical charms and dainty toilets; he would have him "tear off the false exterior, and examine the bare soul, apart from the elegant decorations which "disguise it." It is in this ability to examine the bare soul that M. Rod excels. He delights in noting the minute changes which are constantly taking place in our moral as well as our physical nature, and in determining the factors which have helped to produce them. He is never tired of reiterating that man is not to-day what he was yesterday, nor what he will be to-morrow. Like his Richard Noral in *Les Trois Cœurs*, he seems always absorbed in trying to solve "that equation which is ever the same, and yet forever changing, the relation between himself and external things." This habit of seeking in himself the measure of outside life became the basis for a new formula, for which,—since isms were the order of the day,—he coined the name of Intuitivism. It consists in "looking into ourselves, in order, not to know and love ourselves, but to know and to love others; in seeking in the microcosm of our own heart the action of the human heart; in making our heart the starting point from which to go beyond ourselves, because within ourselves, whatever may be said to the contrary, the whole world is reflected."

Frederic Taber Cooper.

(*To be concluded.*)

INTIMATION

As the sunlight finds the willow, whitening, trembling, 'neath its dart,
As the young moon on the meadow—so is springtime to the heart.
As the hush of tree-tops resting where the sky's red pulses start,
Ere a bud hath broken bondage—so is springtime to the heart.

Mystery of boughs that show not blow nor bloom nor any leaf;
Twilight solitudes that know not if waiting joy or grief,
Dream that wakes not lest the morrow hold of pain its keener part,
Bliss, whose sweetest depth is sorrow—such is April to the heart.

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

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RETOUCHES

IN the February number of this magazine there appeared a paper by the present writer entitled "The Little Touches," the reading of which seems to have excited in some minds a spirit of inquiry and in others a spirit of controversy; and it has called forth so large a number of letters as to make it inadvisable to reply to them through the Letter Box, while not a few of them are unsigned or else are signed with obvious pseudonyms, thus making it impossible to answer them by private correspondence. Furthermore, some of them have to do with matters that are of general interest; so that, on the whole, it seems best to take them up together in this place and to discuss them in their relation to the article which caused them to be written. Not a few of them are rather personal in their tone, and therefore the answers to them must at times take on a personal colouring for which I venture to ask the indulgence of my readers.

At the outset it may be well to print a letter written by a gentleman in Peoria, Illinois, for it raises a rather fundamental question and one that touches upon something that is basic. It reads as follows:

DEAR SIR:—I have read with much interest your article entitled "The Little Touches," and I want to ask you to give me a frank answer to a frank question. I am one of the persons who say "locate," and "vest," and "well-posted," and "brainy," and "store;" and sometimes I say "victuals." When it is more convenient to do so I scratch matches on the seat of my trousers. On the other hand, I do not believe in using slang as I think it a vulgar thing to do, because slang is slang and you cannot make it refined or elegant; and I don't see how you are going to distinguish between one kind of slang and another. Now, according to you, I am unenlightened; but suppose I were to write a paper and say that an unenlightened person is one who uses slang and is afraid to say "locate" and "vest" and "victuals" and the other words mentioned, or to light matches on his trousers. Why wouldn't my opinion be as good as yours? And if I could get any one to print it, why wouldn't my paper deserve as much attention as your paper? I am a teacher in a school and I think that I am just as much enlightened as any other educated man. Please tell me what you really have to say about this.

This is a very reasonable request, and it deserves a serious answer. As a matter of fact, no one has received any authority, divinely or otherwise bestowed, to make definite and final decisions in matters of cultivated usage and of taste. Any one may write down his opinion and publish it, and this is, of course, primarily the opinion of an isolated individual. The real value of that opinion must be determined, in the first place, by his experience and by the opportunities for observation and comparison upon which it has been based, and also upon whatever obviously inherent reasonableness and discriminating taste appear to lie behind it. Of these things every reader must judge for himself, and he will accept the opinion or he will reject it according to the strength or weakness of the appeal which it makes to his own mentality and æsthetic sense. What I wrote down must, therefore, be accepted or rejected on this basis, and if my correspondent shall ever favour the reading public with his views on Enlightenment as he has come to understand it through his own knowledge of the world and of humanity, as seen from his coign of vantage in Peoria, Illinois, then his opinion also will be weighed and tested by the same criterion.

This question of authority has inspired a lady to embody a bit of criticism in the form of a sarcastic poem. It is rather long; but as I am very seldom poetically honoured at ladies' hands, it shall be quoted here in full:

Long had I striven to climb the narrow way
To perfect speech that leads;
Dizzy and stumbling, groping for support,
To clasp but broken reeds.

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When suddenly I heard the trumpet tones
Of one by doubt ne'er vexed,
Saying: "Accursed be he who sunders 'to'
And what should follow next.

I rate him hardly higher than the boor—
Perhaps he's scarce a churl—
Who knows a housemaid only as 'the help'
Or at the best, 'the girl.'"

It was a leader's voice; my feet grew light;
My heart was full of cheer;
Less awful seemed the yawning gulf below;
The far-off heights drew near.

"To barely rise" I read in Newman's prose;
And barely rose I then,—
Yet flung the book that held that hateful phrase
Beyond the sight of men.

But tears dropped fast on gentle Elia's page
To mark his fall from grace;
And the sharp memory of De Quincey's sins
Nor months nor years efface.

I read no more my Coleridge, Ruskin, Burke,
Their day was at an end;
But with THE BOOKMAN sat me gaily down
As with a best-loved friend.

I seemed to wander to a garden fair,
Through odorous alleys led,
Past thickets whence no cleft infinitive
Durst rear its horrid head.

And all was well; till on one awful day,
One black, dark day of doom,
I saw what robbed the summer of its warmth,
The garden of its bloom.

Down from the narrow path of perfect speech,
We saw our leader go
To that deep gulf where cleft infinitives
Forever sprout and grow.

Methought a wail, as of a spirit lost,
Rose through the summer air;
From his dazed followers on the narrow path
Came oath and shriek and prayer.

And now in vain I ask some healing balm
From wind and wave and sky;
All nature seems a cleft infinitive
Viewed through my tear-dimmed eye!

This is very good as a skit; but it is rather odd to observe how many persons there are who, like the writer of these verses, believe that any usage whatsoever can be justified because it occurs sporadically — perhaps only once — in some standard writer. This justification assumes, in the first place, that there exist writers of English whose style and usage are absolutely immaculate, that these demigods never make any slips whatever; and it assumes also (which is even more absurd) that whatever is done is done with entire consciousness and intention. Yet none of these suppositions is by any possibility a true one. The best of writers will at times be careless and will introduce some stray locution unintentionally because he hears it used about him in casual conversation and thus allows it to slip into what he writes, just as the most cultivated man will now and then in conversation revert to some half rustic or wholly ungrammatical expression with which he happened to be familiar in his boyhood. One of the great Latinists of the time of the Renaissance, who had attained to an absolutely Ciceronian perfection in his Latin style, made it a rule never to listen to a word of Latin spoken by others lest the mere hearing of unrythmical sentences or the casual use of barbarisms and solecisms should make his own ear less absolutely sensitive to the requirements of a perfect style. Again, there are writers who set down their thoughts with a certain carelessness as to details, trusting to the judgment and the taste of the well-trained proof-reader to eliminate all blemishes from the printed page. And these writers are not necessarily the ones who feel contempt for literary form. Take Mr. Henry James, for instance. I am sure that no one *a priori* would select him as being an author capable of disregarding the niceties of verbal expression. His thought is so subtle, his sense of word-values is so delicate, his fondness for minute analysis carries him always so near the vanishing point, as to make it appear absolutely certain that he could never let a manuscript go from his hands with a single *i* undotted or a single sentence otherwise than structually perfect. Yet as a matter of fact Mr. James's manuscripts are often very slovenly. The sentences are sometimes incomplete and even ungrammatical; the phrases are imperfect; and when the proof-reader goes over the galley-

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proofs for the first time, he finds again and again that he is wandering in a mental daze through zeugmas and anacolutha and unintentional ellipses. If, then, the poetical lady has discovered in the beautiful prose of Cardinal Newman a lurking infinitive split in twain, this fact is utterly without significance unless the page on which she found it contains a foot-note by the Cardinal himself, declaring with all the solemnity of a great ecclesiastical prince that he split that infinitive on purpose.

A number of small points which have been raised by various writers may now be taken up collectively. Another lady writes to ask what substitutes the Enlightened must employ to take the place of "vest" and "silk hat" and "dress suit;" to which it may be answered that "waistcoat" and "top hat" and "evening clothes" are less suggestive of the language employed by shopmen and East Side politicians. Another correspondent, writing from Ogontz, does not see why "locate" is not perfectly admissible; to which it may be said that against "locate," though in a less degree, lies the same objection that one entertains for such a word as "victuals." Both of these words are correct enough in so far as they are authorised English words; but it is just the sense of fitness in choosing one authorised word rather than another that marks the difference between the Enlightened and the Unenlightened. "Locate," in fact, is essentially provincial; and although some English writers have been known to speak of a building or an estate as "located" rather than "situated" in such-and-such a place, nevertheless the fact remains that "locate" is not only American (which is no objection), but uncultivated American. One correspondent, who evidently reads too hastily to take in the writer's meaning, inquires whether "post card" is preferable to "postal card;" in answer to which I can only refer him to page 554 of the February BOOKMAN.

An interesting question is suggested in a letter which discusses the word "store" as opposed to "shop." The writer argues that a certain distinction should be made in the use of these two words; that while it is not well to speak of a small retail establishment as a "store," the term is both appropriate and necessary in describing the immense business houses in which almost all departments are represented. I am inclined to think that this distinction is a good one, and that if consistently observed, it would be colloquially a convenience. It finds a partial justification also in recent English usage, for in England since the establishment of the Army and Navy "stores," the term has come into a fairly general employment

One correspondent asks, with a use of italic letters which implies dissent:

> *Does* the enlightened person ever say "those sort of things"? That it is heard frequently in polite society cannot be denied, but is it ever heard from a well-educated person? I think not, and I should nearly as soon forgive "we was" or "I seen."

And another correspondent asks:

> Do you really mean to defend as correct the sentence "It is me"?

Now of course "those sort of things" and "it is me" both violate the laws of syntax, and from the grammarian's point of view they are indefensible. As to this matter, reference may be made to some remarks by the present writer contained in THE BOOKMAN for April, 1898 (page 130), yet none the less they are the sort of grammatical errors that an enlightened person will freely use in conversation, and they stand upon a wholly different basis from "we was" or "I seen," both of which are thoroughly ignorant and vulgar. Naturally, no enlightened person thinks that "those sort of things" and "it is me" are correct when he uses them; yet he understands that they are slips which any one may perpetrate without danger of being misunderstood. In the first expression the word "those" gets its plurality from the fact that "sort-of-things" is thought of as forming a single concept in which the idea of number prevails. "It is me" is much less frequent in cultivated mouths and is seldom said seriously; yet it is used by persons who would never think of saying "It is him" or "It is her."

Some one writing from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, objects to the condemnation of "tho'" because "it has been for some time used in some of the best periodicals of the country." I can't for the life of me see how this can be regarded as an argument, or why "tho'" should

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be singled out for approval by editors who consistently reject all the other bob-tailed monstrosities of Fonetik Refawrm. When they use "tho'," I can only regard them as like those thoroughly sincere and conscientious Christians whose lives are entirely consistent with their faith, yet who sometimes, when very sorely tried, cannot abstain from saying "damn." One readily excuses this because of their general uprightness, but he does not officially commend it for universal imitation.

I must confess to feeling some surprise at the number of persons who have been offended by my criticism of President McKinley for saying "Mother Hobson." One gentleman writes as follows:

> Your paragraph on President McKinley is gross . . . You defeat the very purpose you set out to place in public for the enlightenment of the Unenlightened. Take care "lest you forget"—and—the pity of it!

This is typical of several other criticisms on the same subject, some of them conveyed in private letters and some of them recorded in the public press. The chief point seems to be that in censuring the President for the crudity of his "Mother Hobson," there were shown, in the first place, a lack of respect for the high office which he holds, and in the second place, a lack of restraint in the expression of that censure. Now it is obvious enough that outside of purely political discussion, and for that matter in political discussion, too, all Americans as a matter of good taste and of national self-respect ought always to refer to the chief magistrate in terms of perfect courtesy and personal good will. Yet, on the other hand, it should be remembered also that since much in the way of consideration and restraint is due to the President, so is much in the way of taste and dignity to be expected from the President. *Noblesse oblige*; and it gives every enlightened person a shock to find the Head of the State in any of his public utterances departing from a high standard of linguistic propriety and descending to anything that is cheap and common. If a President in the midst of the inauguration ceremonials should cock his hat over his left ear and chew a wooden toothpick, he would deserve, as he would certainly receive, the severest sort of censure not only from his political opponents but from his mortified and disappointed friends as well. Now when Mr. McKinley spoke in public of an estimable lady as "Mother Hobson," he was verbally and figuratively cocking his hat over his left ear and chewing a wooden toothpick, and the effect of it was most unpleasant. Few persons realise how, under all their superficial irreverence, millions of Americans regard the President with something of the inherited English sentiment that the king can do no wrong; and this sentiment has come out very strongly in some of the newspaper comments upon my little criticism. These speak as though the President of the United States were *ex-officio* a model of perfect taste, a master of the purest English, and a standard for strenuous imitation in æsthetics. As such a feeling does prevail, there surely rests upon all Presidents the very strongest obligation to live up, so far as possible, to this interesting belief in them, and not to inject into their public utterances backwoods' locutions as did Mr. McKinley, nor to split infinitives in their state papers as did Mr. Cleveland.

Objection has been taken to two other statements. A lady writing from Lansingburgh, New York, has this to say:

> There is one "little touch" to which I take exception. You say, "To receive a letter containing such words as 'Xmas,' 'tho',' 'photo,' 'rec'd,' affects one as would a pot hat with evening clothes." In regard to the last three words you are perfectly right, but mistaken I think as to "+mas." Using the sacred sign (as the Enlightened) not X, seems to me quite proper. It may be affectation, but not an abbreviation in the offensive sense.

Before answering this letter I shall quote a paragraph from another letter written by a Chicago clergyman who signs his name and who commences pleasantly by calling me "snobbish, puffy, self-complacent, unhealthy, unsalutary, and a *parvenu*," in order perhaps to make it perfectly clear how far his own enlightenment has proceeded in the amenities of life. This, however, is the gist of what he has to say:

> You seem to be ignorant that many persons, and all who understand the matter, make a firm distinction between "minister" and

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"clergyman." I am willing to be called a "minister," which I try humbly to be, but by no means a "clergyman;" and there are many who concede me the former title but strenuously deny to me the latter.

These two letters though having no apparent relation to each other are to be answered in the same way. If one writes "Xmas," intending the first letter to be in a way symbolical and not a slipshod abbreviation, then, of course, we have no ground for criticising it, though I think that my correspondent is wrong in substituting a cross for the X, since I take the latter to be in this case the Greek initial of the name of Christ. Again, if one is speaking technically, it is of course entirely proper to distinguish between "minister" and "clergyman," and there are occasions also, as for instance in describing the operations of the Salvation Army, where the word "preacher" is strictly necessary. But it is very unlikely that the majority of those who write "Xmas" do so in the spirit of the Lansingburgh lady; or that when they say "minister" and "preacher" they understand the true distinction between these words and "clergyman."

As a sort of pendant to the last letter a correspondent in Cleveland, Ohio, raises a curious question in the following words:

The two ministers of my church are women. How would you speak of them? As "clergywomen"? Would not that sound far-fetched and ridiculous? Is not "a slight provincial touch" to be preferred to affectation?

I am afraid that this lady must be left to solve her problem for herself; since although everyone is aware that there do exist, sporadically, women who are allowed to exercise the clerical functions, the circumstance is so infinitely remote from the borders of enlightenment that it is not worth while to weary one's mentality by adjusting it to even a casual consideration of such a state of things.

Harry Thurston Peck.

WHERE'ER THOU ART

Where'er thou art, my heart shall know thy tone,
As silent string will feel the tensioned bow;
Whether in sunshine, or in shade alone,
Thy soul shall speak mine, and my soul shall know.

For we have plucked the golden Eden tree,
Where tempter never breathed, nor woman fell;
Together joy has come to you and me,—
Together we have drained the lees of hell.

Where'er thou art, thy string the chord must give
Unto the bow, that is my quivering soul;
Dark comes, life fades, but Love, ah, God! shall live,
To shame defeat, to quicken at the goal.

Virginia Frazer Boyle.

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THE LOVE LETTERS OF THE BROWNINGS*

THE history of man is the richer for the unlooked-for gift that comes to English readers to-day. We had much already—the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," "One Word More," "By the Fireside," the Letters of Elizabeth Barrett to her friends; and by all these means the story has been long familiar as a story to watch; but now we are made the recipients of an enormous confidence. We no longer merely hear, but overhear, by a permission that for a moment we have a mind to waive. Nevertheless, there should be no reluctance—the gift is too grave for any dispute. The liberty of action which Robert Browning gave his son was manifestly intended to be used in one way. To have left the Letters without a word would have been to charge Mr. R. B. Browning with the whole choice of action; but "There they are; do with them as you please when I am dead and gone," is a phrase that explicitly removes the chief doubt—and removes it with intention.

Not without thought are these Letters to be named the most important addition to human history—to the history of human character and of poetry—added to English letters during many a year. The union of the Brownings was an event without parallel; one to move the too easy sympathetic smile of sentiment (they were wont to laugh together over "Mrs. Tomkins" and her suave admiration for their "community of interests and pursuits," "so great an element of happiness," and so forth); and to provoke the even easier irony of commonplace—"Two poets! How transcendental!"; and the laugh, easiest of all, of practical common sense—"Two poets! Heaven help them!" But it was also an event that honoured literature and character. Robert Browning and his secret betrothed foretold together the conjectured comments, and laughed sensitively; they were stung, they saw and perhaps exaggerated the derision of the world. It was not to touch their souls, but it certainly pricked them. They took no account whatever of the sympathy of abundant respect to be offered to them—nay, not offered, to be reserved for them—by a scattered multitude of true and thoughtful readers of the poetry of both. By a grave revenge of time, it is precisely to these—slighted amid all the conjectures, prophecies, misgivings, and defiances of the inter-marrying poets—that these two volumes are addressed; to them they appeal; to them they plead for the reverent reception without the certainty whereof the publication had been a wanton act and an act of profanity.

These are amongst the most closely intellectual letters ever exchanged, and their matter was one thing—love. Allusions to contemporary authors, for which some readers will doubtless ransack the volumes, could not possibly be altogether lacking, but they are, in relation to the mass of the letters, very few. Robert Browning has his subtle and nimble hands full of the task of setting forth the thinking-out of love which was the life-work of his intellect during the whole year and a half covered by the correspondence. With this and with the passionate praises of his friend, poet, and love, his infinitely various letters are almost entirely filled. Now and then he tells her a story—he has seen Carlyle, or Procter, or Chorley, and something has been said worth setting before the recluse in her little London room. But in truth these references to other people come about, oftener than otherwise, by way of accompaniment to some report that Browning has to give Miss Barrett of a review of his own work or of hers—who is likely to have written it, and why, and wherein the critic is declared by her to be inadequate as a writer on his work, and by him to be unfit to handle hers. On her side, sounds the most harmonious antiphon: the intelligence of love, the humility, the gratitude; the repeated question, "Is it generosity that

*The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, 1845-1846. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. $5.00.

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comes thus to succour and cherish me?"; rejection of the self-love that would not kneel to receive such a gift; and the final persuasion that no generosity except the generosity of love is offered her by him whom she loves with an equal good will; confessions of her unworthiness; the intricacies of thoughts that are the reflections of another's and the replies thereto. A mirror facing a mirror does not puzzle us with a more intense multiplication. And on her part, in like manner, having written thus of herself, and of him, there may befall an incidental reference to Miss Mitford or Mrs. Jameson who has visited her, or to Miss Martineau who has written; but not much more than that.

The book is to be read for love of the two lovers themselves, for the sake of the study of these two high and abounding minds and noble hearts encountering in an equal comprehension and an equal passion. And this is enough—far more than enough. What we read here is almost overwhelming in its beauty.

Between unequals sweet is equal love,

and in the common case the irony of inequality itself may tend to sweetness; at any rate the unequal race of mankind is happy to think so. The prevailing way is a way of felicity, and the Saints have had the experience of the love of unequals in infinite degree. But in the history of these two poets we are surprised by an exception to the prevailing lot—equal love between equals, and equals on the heights of intellect and moral greatness, the heights of human nature. More even than the mental riches of these letters is their moral nobility. It is impossible to imagine the man or the woman harbouring an evil or less than lofty thought, or falling short of their own ideal integrity. The secrecy which they practised was only a semblance of evil—for it was forced upon them by the tyranny of Elizabeth Barrett's father upon what she calls "one class of feelings"—which means that he was resolved to prevent the marriage of his children, men and women, by violence and menace if mere grim discouragement were not enough. Robert Browning's visits were paid in the hours of Mr. Barrett's absence, and nothing more than a friendship and an occasional call was suspected. The brothers might guess, and the sisters, who knew that Mr. Browning was a constant visitor, and who saw his flowers (gathered in his father's New Cross garden, for London was not then flooded with flowers in barrow and shop), might guess still more clearly, but they were to know nothing, so that they might be spared their father's subsequent wrath. It is impossible to think that however hateful the deception was, it was in any sense culpable. It was, as everyone knows, a terrible failure. After the secret marriage, when Elizabeth Browning had put on her ring again and was away across the sea with her husband, her letter of entreaty for pardon was unopened, and so were all her letters—amongst them one she had written with many tears, telling her father that she was to bear a child and could not endure to face death unforgiven; and father and daughter never met again. How well, on the other hand, did "dear Mr. Kenyon," deceived like the rest—their nearest and dearest friend—endure the mortification! He was the Brownings' friend and benefactor, first and last.

Equality of intellectual as well as of moral nobility was theirs. Some of the letters are masterpieces of thought; the two had an infinite pleasure in chasing one another through a maze. The chase became a dance in gaiety more than once. Each accused himself—herself—of "selfishness" in accepting so much love. Browning writes at the outset:

It is not since yesterday, nor ten nor twenty years before, that I began to look into my own life, and study its end and requirements, what would turn to its good or its loss—and I *know*, if one may know anything, that to make that life yours and increase it by union with yours, would render me *supremely happy*. . . . My whole suit to you is in that sense *selfish*—not that I am ignorant that your nature would most surely attain happiness in being conscious that it made another happy—but that best, best end of all would, like the rest, come from yourself, be a reflection of your own gift.

Upon this the long discussion turns; the sentence may be taken as the theme of all that follows. At first she has the simpler fears; he pities (she knows) her ill-health, her imprisonment in English winters when she might have Italy;

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he has sought her to succour her, but she will not hamper his career by such an unequal marriage. Later on she has the more subtle misgivings, and so too has he, but he never relaxes the pressure of his suit, nor abates the note of his rapture. "One goes upon chances, not on Providence; how could I expect you?"

I thank God—I *do* thank him, that in this whole matter I have been, to the utmost of my power, not unworthy of his introducing you to me, in this respect, that, being no longer in the first freshness of life, and having for many years now made up my mind to the impossibility of loving any woman—having wondered at this in the beginning, and fought not a little against it, having acquiesced in it at last, and accounted for it all to myself, and become, if anything, proud rather than sorry—I say, when real love, making itself at once recognised as such, *did* reveal itself to me at last, I *did* open my heart to it with a cry, nor care for its overturning all my theory, nor mistrust its effect upon a mind set in ultimate order, so I fancied.

He says in another place:

I do not, nor will not, think, dearest, of ever "making you happy"—I can imagine no way of working to that end, which does not go straight to my own truest, only true, happiness—yet in every such effort there is implied some distinction, some supererogatory grace, or why speak of it at all?

Again:

Can you now tell me or yourself that you could believe me happy with any other woman that ever breathed?

This is when he justly defies her threats of her father's anger:

The wrath of men, all the men living put together, I fear as I fear the fly I have just put out of the window; but I fear *God*—and am ready, he knows, to die this moment in taking his part against any piece of injustice and oppression; *so* I aspire to die.

All subtleties yield to the simplicity of love: "You only, only adorable woman, only imaginable love for me." "It is a glorious, successful, felicitous life, I thank God and you." "The dear, peerless, precious Ba I adore."

He makes her smile with this: "You must forgive half sheets, instead of a whole celestial quire." "If Ba is not to be '*tall*,' her letter shall not describe itself as 'long'"—he had never seen her standing up, and for many nights he dreamed of meeting her upright, on a landing. And he quotes some man's reply to a question why he—a person of intellect—had married "some kind of cook-maid animal": "You can't kiss Mind;" and imagines some third person representing to him, Robert Browning—

"May *you* not discover eventually that mere intellectual endowments—though incontestably of the loftiest character—mere Mind, though that Mind be Miss B.'s—cannot be kissed, nor repent too late the absence of those humbler qualities, those softer affections, which like flowerets at the mountain's foot, if not so proudly soaring as, as, as!" and so on till one of us died with laughing or being laughed at.

He urges her to marry him so that he may have the right, if she is to die, to stand by her bed. He entreats her to take his name so that he may be sure of sitting every day for half an hour at her side, which is more felicity than he had ever asked of earth or heaven.

Between these equals sweet was equal love. It was equal from the first. Elizabeth Barrett was writing her Sonnets, though they were her secret, and her confession is made by very slow degrees—degrees the delicacy of which makes one of the eminent beauties of the letters. She says exquisitly, "None of the love was lost, though all of it was undeserved." "It is not best—it is not good even, to talk about 'dying for me.' Oh, I do beseech you never to use such words. You make me feel as if I were choking. Also it is nonsense—because nobody puts out a candle for love of the light."

I shall hold to the right of remembering, to my last hour, that *you*, who might well have passed by on the other side if we two had met on the road when I was riding at ease, did not when I was in the dust. I choose to remember *that* to the end of feeling.

She was raised from the dust, and she is not timorous in giving thanks for joy: "Now when I see and believe your attachment for me, do you think that any cause in the world (except what diminished it) could render it less a source of joy to me?" "Ah, little (altogether) you

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know perhaps what a hard Degree that B : A : is to take—the BA which is not a Bachelor's." She is raised from the dust and she laughs with him, and before the first volume closes returns all his tender words, but she feels the lowliness of love:

I may say before God and you, that of all the events of my life, inclusive of its afflictions, nothing has humbled me so much as your love. Your love has been to me like God's own love, which makes the receivers of it kneelers.

So was hers to him. And both were absolutely unworldly. He writes:

To consult my feelings on the only point in which they are sensitive to the world you must endeavour to live as cheaply as possible, down to my own habitual simplicity and cheapness.

She protests:

I admire that you, R. B., who have had temptation more than enough, I am certain, under every form, have lived in this London of ours, close to the great social vortex, yet have kept so safe, and free, and calm and pure from the besetting sins of our society.

They are obliged to discuss, nevertheless, the possibilities of living together at all. She writes: "Worldly thoughts these are not at all, nor have been; there need be no soiling of the heart with any such."

Some years together did these friends, mates, comrades, companions, readers and writers of mutual address, lovers, husband and wife, win from the menace of death—some fifteen. After that for nearly thirty years Robert Browning lived, undaunted and vigorous, in a world he never loved, until the day of his own release.

Never the time and the place
And the loved one all together.

This was his life; and this his death:

What, and is it you again? quoth I.
I again! whom else did you expect? quoth she.
Oh, thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again.

Alice Meynell.

THE CHILD OF THE SLUMS IN LITERATURE

THERE are two sects in the religion of art. One consists of those who hold that art should dwell in a realm apart, in a sacred temple of which the artist and the poet are the high priests, and where mankind should shake off all the daily cares and worries, and should utterly forget the interests of our surging, teeming, twentieth century life. The other sect, appearing in isolated cases throughout the ages, is now swelled to a mighty army—the army of those who believe that the artist and the poet are the preachers of to-day—standing only just enough outside the fight to keep their vision clear and their sword clean from personal interest to be raised always in defence of right.

The Grove of Daphne will always find willing pilgrims. "Those who enter here leave Care behind," is as alluring now as ever, but the high priests of the Temple have done little for evolution in art and literature, except to create perhaps a certain modern standard of form and of technique; their class of subject must of necessity be limited and unvarying. The poets who choose rather the thick of the fight have brought about the most important evolution in art and literature, particularly in literature, change of subject-matter, and a new angle of vision. They have also created the need for a new criticism, for in order to judge them intelligently and interpret their sayings to the denser multitude the critic needs more than a mere knowledge of the antique standard of beauty, more than a grounding in traditional æsthetics. He needs a thorough knowledge of life as

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well and of the burning questions which vex our modern civilisation.

The point of view, in its evolution in literature, has made even more remarkable changes than in art. The camera has been focussed on the mountain tops, while in the valleys all was one blurred shadow. Action and glittering generalities have now given way to the detailing of a minute corner, to the analysis of motives. Action, formerly the all-important matter, has now for the true poet only the value of the motive which impels it. Gradually the light has been shifted from the mountain top to the middle distance, until it has reached the valley at our feet, and with surprise we have discovered that even in the valley the "type" has no value. Even here human nature is as differentiated and varying in its manifestations as it is higher up in the so-called "plane of society."

This process of expansion and enlightenment shows an instructive evolution in subject-matter. To paint a character grew far more interesting than to "tell a story," and then, becoming still further aroused to a sense of his responsibilities as teacher and preacher, the poet went to school to science, and to that driest of all sciences apparently, political economy. He looked about him and noted that besides the one all-absorbing theme of "Love," which makes the world go on, there was one other theme, "Self-interest." And in further analysing this self-interest, he found its flesh crumbling away under his touch until but a skeleton remained, and he was face to face with "Hunger." Then it was natural that he should find the study of those for whom this primal causation was most direct, perhaps even more fascinating than the apparently more complicated mentality of those for whom the flesh hides the hideous bone structure. He discovered that even here, allowing for a certain levelling elementariness, born out of the struggle for barest necessities, was a rich opportunity for studying character, and that the types hitherto laid down as poetic properties had little foundation on fact. In fact it was then a near call to the discovery that the only class which produced the grey dullness of a well-recognised "type," was that class possessing just enough wealth to warrant respectability, and not enough to warrant individuality.

Another factor which opened up the dark places of the valleys to poetic comprehension is one little taken into account, or one perhaps which we are apt to blame for the great spread of mediocrity in literature to-day—the advance in general educational facilities. This has given us the only poet able properly to interpret the life of "the people" for us, namely, he who is born of the people. The struggle is still bitterly hard for such a one, but it is now possible for him to cross the gulf separating his people from the more favoured ones of earth, and his foremost mission is to tell of this unknown world from which he has escaped. And from him we are coming to understand that life upon which, as all of us recognise now, the greatness of the nation depends. "The great national poet," says an eminent Scandinavian writer, "can only be he who is sprung from the people, for he alone has the intimate knowledge of the foundation upon which his nation's strength or weakness rests." Through these poets of the people we are coming slowly to grasp the secrets of that most characteristic product of our great modern civilisation, the slums of our great cities. An isolated genius like Dickens can throw a flash-light for an instant into the dark places, but even Dickens was so far ahead of the economic thought of his time that his portrayals had only a picturesque interest for those who read them, and deepened the impression of the slums as a noisome valley, a something to be shunned and shuddered at. Dickens was the solitary swallow which does not make the Spring, and a patent example of the poet's dependence on the mental development of his readers. A Dickens could not make the Commune, the barricade fights impossible; the poet of the slums to-day may accomplish this in the encouragement given him by a more enlightened public opinion.

Among these poets of the people, the man who is destined to arouse our most sympathetic interest, is he who goes to the fountain-head and portrays for us the child of the slums. Here is the neutral ground upon which all may meet; where heart can speak to heart despite the sharpest contrast of opinion. The cor-

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rect portrayal of child-nature has ever been the gift of a favoured few. The subject, seemingly so simple, is as evasive as the odour of the flower, or the vibration of a musical sound. Doubly difficult is the portrayal of the child of the slums, so different in his careworn precocity, his brute-like adaptability to harsh conditions, from the little ones in the homes of wealth. If the child is father to the man, and if upon the life of the people rests the greatness of the nation, then certainly it is logical to assert that in the child of the people we have the stone of the corner, the fundamental principle. Those who have eyes to see must recognise that in the child of the slums we have the saddest, the most threatening product of our modern civilisation. How interesting, and how all-important therefore, must be a study of the conditions which make him what he is; a study of the development his surroundings force upon him! And a fascinating task for the poet it must be, to show how the child-nature, alike everywhere in its sensitive helplessness, is moulded by environment and external conditions into such widely differing shapes. One reason why this fascinating and important subject is comparatively so little handled is perhaps because, in those countries where the poet believes most firmly that his place lies in the thick of the fight, the most real and living products of literature have sought the drama as a vehicle of expression; and on account of the physical limitations imposed by the stage, the intimate artistic portrayal of child-life is well-nigh an impossibility.

Gerhart Hauptmann, for whom the stage offers no impossibilities, is a pioneer here, as in so many ways. In *Hännele* he showed us the most touching picture of the child born to misery and misfortune that fiction has ever presented. And he has portrayed for us too, in indescribably powerful lines, the great gift which the child-nature retains, alike in misery and in happiness, the power to escape from harsh surroundings into a fairyland of dreams and visions of light and beauty. Another great truth of immense importance is taught here, one which we of happier station are apt to forget—the great consoling power of religion for the disinherited of the earth. When the world is fair and kind to us, Heaven seems very far away and rather uninteresting, if we would be quite frank; but for those caught in the toils of sordid care, especially for the child of poverty, the thought of Heaven and its warmth and light comes as a blessing and a lasting comfort as the only place apparently where these good things are accessible to the unfortunate little one. Hännele's fever dream pictures Heaven as a place where there is all she has missed on earth—warmth, light, food, flowers, music—and where the few who have been good to her will be with her always.

Whether the talented young Welshman, Edwin Pugh, who in his *Tony Drum* has given us the most powerful portrayal of the child of the slums that recent English fiction has to show, has read *Hännele* or not, we do not know. But even were he familiar with the German drama, it would be no plagiarism, but simply an intimate comprehension of the subject that makes Tony think "Christ must have been wonderfully like the brisk young curate, who told him stories of the bible." Hännele sees the Christ in the figure of her teacher, almost the only human being who showed her kindness, a proof in both cases of the wonderful appealing power of the Christ-figure to the child mind in a starved body.

Tony Drum is a wonderful little book, from its intensely human interest as well as from the masterly simple treatment of so all-important a subject. Of all the many new works of fiction the past year has brought us, this book stands out with a charm and an import all its own. It is only a simply told story of a little crippled boy, whose short life, darkened by pain and illness, is spent in a London slum. It has been noticed, more or less, by the professional reviewers, but it seems to me as if the book possessed a far-reaching significance to which justice has not yet been done.

It is the work of a very young man, a Welshman and a child of the people, the greater part of whose life has been spent in the struggle for bread; a man therefore who must know whereof he speaks. Judging by this effort we would say that Mr. Pugh's chief talent lies in the portrayal of child-life, for Tony Drum is a

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living, breathing figure, standing out from the sordid background of his home, like a statue in purest marble. The other children in the book, too, are realities, with warm blood in their veins, the older people however, are shadows, unreal, and lifeless. But the interest is so centred in Tony, this exquisite lovable figure, this intensely pathetic little cripple, that we can forgive the faults of the book in justice to its many and great merits. With true artistic discretion, the author refrains from any *tendenz* whatever; he does not preach, there is not a word of "economic conditions," or any kindred subject in the entire book. Yet pages and pages might be written by the most scientifically trained, or by the most warm-hearted radical, which would not equal in power the simple sentence: "It was known throughout the Row that Tony was foredoomed to early death; that was the one happy fact of his existence."

Hännele's fever dreams transport her into Heaven with all its joys, but Tony Drum is happier in that he can remember in his waking hours the Heaven from which he asserts that he came, through no wish of his own. "I never wanted to, I can tell you! But you all have to be born, sooner or later; worse luck! You go to sleep one night, and when you wake up you are here."

Here we have again that turning to the delights of Heaven to escape from misery, hunger, cold and disappointment, that blessed prerogative of childhood. Heaven is to the child of the poor what fairyland is to the child of the rich, the blessed country in which the imagination can escape from surrounding realities, and wander at will in "a blessed land of moments where things are not grimly relative, but lonely happenings of joy and terror."

Tony Drum is not only of momentous interest because of its subject-matter, but also as an exhibition of the author's style. This young Welshman, writing in an adopted tongue, has enriched and strengthened our language, and has accomplished an unusual feat, for he has acquired an individuality of style in a language not his own from birth. His descriptive power is fascinating, the words glow with sentient life, they light up the landscape like vivid flashes of lightning. Our own Stephen Crane in *Maggie*, a book whose subject is somewhat similar, has moments which seem to remind one of Edwin Pugh, but the American descends in his striving for power into mannerisms, where the Welshman never loses his hold on rationality.

Mordemly, by W. Pett Ridge, is another book portraying the life of the child of the London streets, and as such is interesting and worthy of mention here. Appearing about the same time as *Tony Drum*, it has been much spoken of in connection with the latter work, but the books are so widely different in all but similarity of subject that they could scarcely be associated. *Mordemly* will appeal to a much wider circle of readers; but the pleasure one receives from the perusal of so thoroughly artistic a work as *Tony Drum* is entirely lacking in the prosaic, matter-of-fact and old-fashioned narrative style of *Mordemly*. The picture is well-drawn, and full of a certain attractive humour, but it is a good photograph, nothing more, and one which has been retouched too much. *Tony Drum* is a painting by a master hand. But *Mordemly* (disguised in the American edition under the clumsy and irrelevant title of *By Order of the Magistrate*) is still important through its subject, and may be classed with those works which prove to us that literature can still keep in touch with the best spirit of the times and not lose its artistic effectiveness. Such books have a mission, and they have fulfilled that mission if they have been comprehended clearly by but one soul which they have awakened to a better grasp of the pressing problems of our complex civilisation.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

I.

A reader of Mr. Swinburne's poetry asks us three questions.

(1) Was Mr. Swinburne ever married?

No.

(2) What is his present address?

The Pines, Putney.

(3) Is he not considered the greatest living English poet?

He is so considered by a very large number of persons, among whom we include ourselves.

II.

A letter from Brooklyn.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

DEAR SIRS:—On page 90 of the March BOOKMAN, I find the following:

"'What do you think of General Stewart L. Woodford's diplomacy?'

"We think that on the whole it is of the Flatbush Avenue variety."

Can you not give a short description of Flatbush Avenue diplomacy so that your readers in Brooklyn can pick it out when they come in contact with it?

Yours respectfully,

A BROOKLYN READER.

With pleasure. It is the sort of diplomacy that is best illustrated in the diplomatic career of General Stewart L. Woodford.

III.

The following inquiry comes to us from Dartmouth College.

To the LETTER-BOX:

The London *Spectator* of February 4th, 1899, opens its editorial comments with this sentence: "The French government have surrendered to the army."

Do you consider the use of the plural verb in this passage defensible?

STUDENT.

The sentence quoted above illustrates the usage which universally prevails in England where the word "government" brings to mind the individual members of the Cabinet; whereas in this country the government is an entity, which goes on unchanged irrespective of the persons who exercise its functions. In other words, in England "government" is viewed as a convenient term for a particular set of men, while with us it denotes a political abstraction. Consequently, from the English point of view, the sentence is correct, while from the American point of view it is not.

IV.

The following comes to us from Hartford:

DEAR LETTER-BOX:

Will you please tell me what you mean by "an autoschediastic style"? I have looked in vain for the word in Webster's Unabridged. Also should an enlightened person say "postal card" or "post card"?

ANOTHER NEW SUBSCRIBER.

The word "autoschediastic" is from the Greek, and means a style that is rather abrupt, desultory, and suggestive of stray jottings. As to the question of postal card *vs.* post card, read the article in the February BOOKMAN, entitled "The Little Touches."

V.

The following is from Worcester, Massachusetts:

DEAR LETTER-BOX:

I very much want to know something and can find nothing satisfactory in any reference book I have.

At the same time I can tell the Letter-Box how *very* much I enjoy reading it, and how disappointed I am when vacation, or lack of material calls for its omission. I enclose a slip that contains the expression I object to.

Is it correct to say "*on* a ride," "*on* a vacation," "*on* a journey,"—the last one I can endure though I cannot tell why,—or should it be "*for* a ride," etc.?

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I hope you will not think me too stupid. So many people use the expression, but I do not like it.

The three expressions mentioned above are all more or less colloquial, but are idiomatically justifiable. The first of the three is least used, and is therefore least commendable.

VI.

We have received a long letter from a lady who gives expression to her hope that the Letter-Box may be discontinued. She advances some very uncomplimentary opinions about the persons who write us letters, and she likewise objects to the manner in which we answer them. All we have to say is that not so very long ago we suspended the Letter-Box for about three months owing to the fact that scarcely any letters were written to us; and then complaints began to come in from all over the country and eager requests were made for the restoration of this department of our magazine. So what are we going to do? However, the lady will be pleased to know that she is not alone in her disapproval of the Letter-Box. Here is a note which came to us not very long ago written in a big, aggressive hand, and composed in a style suggestive of the operations of an active pile-driver. It is a good style of its kind, because it leaves no one in any doubt as to what the writer thinks or what he means to say. Here it is, with its syntax uncorrected:

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

DEAR SIRS:—Will you kindly inform me whether the man who edits your query department ever worked on a Ninth Avenue horse-car? If so, why was he discharged? His æsthetic (?) sarcasm, cutting replies, and silly talk recalls a visit I once made to a bird-store, and nearly the whole store was filled with poll-parrots.

VII.

A lady in Chicago, who signs her letter "F. E.," asks a question and makes a remark. We shall consider each of these separately.

(1) Why are you always so respectful to Carolyn Wells?

Because we admire her so much.

(2) The reason you resented the letter of the gentleman living in Germantown, Pennsylvania, concerning the respective reviews of Kipling and Dunbar was probably because he was telling you the truth. I feel sure that the gentleman in question will consider your serious answer as the event of his life.

We have just received a letter from the gentleman living in Germantown in which he very courteously retracts his original insinuation and expresses his pleasure at our serious answer. He says that if we had answered him seriously in the first place, he would not have made the insinuation. On the whole, we are inclined to think that in this matter the gentleman living in Germantown has come out a little ahead.

VIII.

The following is from Rochester, New York:

To THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX:

It strikes one reader, at least, that the word "indicia" in "The Little Touches" (February BOOKMAN) rather savours of the "Unenlightened."

Well, why?

IX.

Some time ago we briefly reviewed a book about Women's Clubs and cautiously commended it for its numerous portraits which interested us because they were so typical, though of what they were typical we declined to say. In our January number an inquisitive correspondent sought to pry into the sanctuary of our mind still further, and so we confided to him under the ban of strict secrecy that we had been speaking darkly. Now we have received a letter anonymously written on a dining-car blank and mailed in Temple, Texas. We are going to print it, though we desire right here (officially) to repudiate its interpretation of our meaning, for we are thoroughly convinced that the writer of it is not a good man. Thus it runs:

DEAR OLD HUMOURIST:

Refer to IV. p. 482, of the January BOOKMAN:

I'll warrant your chair tingled under you while you were writing that! Way out here in the chapparal where I'm stopping for the night, I feel an uneasy stirring of the courage-chords as I write—simply from thinking about it!

You meant nothing about a commonality

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of set lips—like that, eh? nothing about pervading expressions of unconscious greatness, eh? not unmingled with the most approved interpretation of the Charlotte-Corday-Joan-of-Arc gaze in its various phases . . . ? You were not hinting "darkly" about expressions of resolution, insight? Square jaws? Unmarried ladies or ladies without issue?

Of course your meaning was obvious to everyone, who, like you and me, have seen these curious ladies in the original—but it seems so sly thus to set down what you so cravenly—so justifiably cravenly—hinted at darkly, and I feel now that if I should see this letter in print, I should hide—and chuckle.

CŒUR DE LION.

We have published this letter, not for the purpose of giving a wider currency to its most reprehensible insinuations, but in order to bring upon its writer the punishment which we think (officially) he so richly merits. We have no doubt that the Supreme Council of Conglomerated Women's Clubs will appoint a competent committee of clubwomen to hunt him down. They will not discover him in Temple, Texas, for he craftily paused there only for the purpose of mailing his letter; and they will have to track him in his lair in which he is lurking amid the chapparal. When they get him they should read to him some of Mrs. Stetson's poems and give him a real good talking to. In this affair we stand entirely aloof, but we may say that we hope (officially) that they will find him.

X.

A lady in Richmond, Virginia, under the pretense of asking our opinion about style, addresses us a long letter on the subject which is really an exposition of her own views. We haven't space for the letter as a whole and shall simply quote the final paragraph, as this is the only one which contains a question to be answered. It runs as follows:

To me the finest style is that which is made up of a combination of every kind of manner—the smooth, the forceful, the elegant, the jocose, the powerful, the dainty, the severe. Does not such style as this, which draws upon every source, remind you of some exquisite garden filled with beautiful blossoms gathered together from all quarters of the earth to exhale their perfume on the summer air that caresses them?

No; it reminds us of a plate of hash.

BROWNING

His was no weakling voice, from out the night
Wailing a childish moan that life is fleet;
He pierced beyond the dark with fearless sight,
And saw that time is naught, God's plan complete.

Percy Adams Hutchison.

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LITERARY PARIS

THE French Academy is monopolising a great share of public attention just at the present time. First there is the coming election to fill the vacancy caused by Edouard Hervé's death. The interest of the canvass lies in the fact that Paul Deschanel, the young and brilliant President of the Chamber of Deputies, is among the candidates. But President Deschanel will not have a walkover. The fight will be a three-cornered one, and the result is hard to foresee. Some of the natural supporters of Deschanel's candidacy will be drawn to Emile Faguet, who has just decided to run again, and who is very strong among the professors in the Academy. Then there is the candidacy of Henri Fouquier, one of the best and most serious French journalists, whose chances will be strengthened by the fact that the chair just vacated had been filled by a journalist. Faguet and Deschanel are the leading candidates, but they may kill each other off and thus give Fouquier a chance to slip in between them. No need of saying that there is no talk of a Zola candidacy just now.

Then there is the Jean Reynaud prize. A tale hangs thereby. The Jean Reynaud prize is one of the most highly appreciated rewards in the hands of the Academy. Its money value is not unimportant, being no less than ten thousand francs; but it is coveted mainly because the Academy is careful always to bestow it on some production combining high literary merit with lofty moral inspiration, and it has often gone to labours that would be an honour to any country. I think that the historical works of Fustel de Coulanges were among the last thus rewarded. When the Academy met for the award this year, old Ernest Legouvé (you know, he is just past ninety-two) rose and made a strong plea in favour of awarding the prize to Edmond Rostand. The Academicians were not altogether pleased. There are many reasons why Rostand is not very popular among them. One of these is that his great drama is the first literary production having achieved genuine success in which the hard and fast rules of old French verification have been disregarded. Not Boileau only, but Victor Hugo and Leconte de Lisle would be horrified at many of the liberties taken by the young dramatist with the old Alexandriac line.

But it was not an easy matter to vote against Rostand. Who could deny either the literary value or the high moral inspiration of *Cyrano?* Then the Academy does not like to offend public sentiment, and there is no doubt that had the decision been left to the great public Rostand would have carried the prize without a struggle. It was therefore an open secret that Legouvé had been waited upon and strongly urged not to present Rostand's name to the Academy. But the old man had been obdurate, feeling sure that once uttered in a full meeting the name of the brilliant poet could not be defeated.

The Academicians were in a quandary, the more so that Legouvé had spoken with real fire, and had strongly impressed them. They were rescued by one of the most eloquent orators among them, the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier. The Duke is an old parliamentarian, and undoubtedly his political experience stood him in good stead on that occasion. He rose, paid a high tribute to the beautiful speech the Academy had just heard from its *doyen*, and then launched into a brilliant eulogy of the *doyen* himself, of the debt moral literature owed to him, and wound up with a proposal that

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the Jean Reynaud prize should be awarded to the whole literary production of Ernest Legouvé. The Duke's speech was received with loud and unanimous applause. All the Academicians rose to do honour to their *doyen*, who is really beloved by them, and, in fact, by all those who approach him. It was a scene of real enthusiasm such as is rarely witnessed in the old Palais Mazarin. Legouvé was too much affected to find a word to say; the question was put and the motion carried in less time than it takes to relate the story, and thus the youngest was beaten by the oldest of French dramatists.

The Academicians thought they had made a *coup-de-maître;* they were not undeceived until they began to read the press comments about their action. It was by many considered very strange that the Academy should have bestowed one of its most valuable prizes upon one of its own members. Then people began to look at Legouvé's works, and it had to be acknowledged that it is not very easy to find anything great in the twenty-five or thirty volumes that they fill. His literary record is highly respectable, but hardly more than respectable. And it is almost certain that Legouvé himself fully agrees with the critics of the Academy's decision. But his colleagues had taken advantage of the very natural emotion of a nonagenarian on receiving such an ovation, and he could not undo what had been done by them.

As I have just mentioned Rostand, I may just as well say here, though I have not quite done with the Academy yet, that it is now pretty well understood that his new drama, *L'Aiglon*, will not be ready before next fall. It is still believed that it will be brought out at Sarah Bernhardt's theatre, and that the great actress herself will act the part of Napoleon's son.

But to return to the Academicians. There is the famous Ligue de la Patrie Française that gives them a good deal of trouble. A large majority of them had joined it at its inception; but since then François Coppée's antics have alienated such men as Albert Sorel, Hérédia, Gaston Boissier and Brunetière himself, who may be considered the real father of the League. Jules Lemaître remains with Coppée; he was dragged so far by the poet (?) that he dares not leave him now; but he does not feel quite happy on looking at the bedfellows he has made for himself on entering the domain of politics. Everything, however, is not so exciting in the Academy, for instance, the reception of Guillaume, the sculptor who was elected to succeed the Duc d'Aumale. It was about as tame an affair as could be imagined. No matter what the subject, who could "enthuse" over a speech by Monsieur Guillaume, even though the poor vocal powers of the author caused it to be read by Brunetière, or an answer by Alfred Mézières?

I shall not stray far from the Academy yet in calling attention to some new contributions to literature to be found in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. One is a new novel by the Vicomte de Vogüé, *Les Morts qui Parlent*. Its interest lies partly in the fact that a good deal is based upon the experiences the author had and the observations he made while a member of the Chamber of Deputies. It is an interesting effort to bring in Socialism, the Jewish question, political corruption, etc., within the field of the novelist. As a piece of novel-making it is far superior to Viscount de Vogüé's first venture in that direction, *Jean d'Agrève*. The other contribution belongs to poetry, and has no signature at the bottom; only three stars. But everybody knows that the three stars stand for Mme. Henri de Régnier, *née* Hérédia. The new poet does not seem to have obeyed the Scripture, at least so far as literature is concerned, and poetically stands much nearer to her father than to her husband.

There are not many new books of interest this month. We have a novel by Maurice Barrès, *Un Amateur d'Ames*, and another by Gyp, *Monsieur de Folleuil*. It is in her usual style, and without a tinge of anti-Semitism. It is, therefore, brought out by her usual publisher, Calmann Lévy. The most successful books of the months have been Frédéric Masson's two volumes on Joséphine. The success of the books will be the end of the legend. Poor Joséphine will wish she had not been studied and represented with such perfect accuracy.

Anatole France's dramatised *Le Lys Rouge*, has been rather a disappointment. It will be interesting reading, but is not

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likely to attract the crowd. The great literary treat offered by the stage this month is Jean Aicard's adaptation of *Othello*, with Mounet-Sully superb in the title part. A poem by Aicard recalls the fact that from his very youth it had been the great tragedian's ambition to impersonate the unfortunate Moor, and he will have realised it only on the eve of saying his final farewell to the stage!

The world of letters is paying attention to two judicial contests, one just ended, the other about to begin. The first settles an interesting question of copyright. Ollendorff had granted to *La Lecture* which is a kind of French *Littell's Living Age*, the right to reproduce in instalments some of the works published by his firm. The publisher of *La Lecture* then hit upon the idea of stitching together the instalments of the most popular ones and selling them at a very low price. Ollendorff sued, contending that the right to publish in instalments did not carry the right to sell the work as a whole; and he won his suit.

The other suit is about d'Ennery's will. He left substantially all his estate to his illegitimate daughter, Madame Leroux. The will is attacked by his nephew, Pierre Decourcelle, the dramatist, or rather melodramatist. The contest will turn upon d'Ennery's mental sanity during the last year of his life, as the will was not made until a very short time before his death. *Adolphe Cohn*

IN THE RANKS*

THE deepest pathos of human life lies in the silence of history. History, as it is written, has caught the light on the peaks of life, but has neglected for the most part the obscure deeds done in the valley. Men and events are representative and history takes care of the type, but the struggle for life that costs so many lives before the type is perfected is an unwritten record. It is in the unrecorded acts of heroism, in the ceaseless strife whose faintest murmur is scarcely heard, in the songs unsung, that the breath of life is spent in the great passion of endurance through which it is made possible for our heroes to climb to fame. Now and again the deathless strain is caught and immortalised by a Tennyson in his "Charge of the Light Brigade"; a Browning rescues the name of Hervé Riel from oblivion; Longfellow sings the story of Paul Revere's ride into lasting remembrance, and Whittier puts a halo around the devoted head of Barbara Frietchie. But who shall speak for the rank and file—for the great submerged continent of life?

The sketches of the Civil War collected in this little book are composed, according to the author's own confession, of what "one very young and obscure soldier saw and felt"—reminiscences saved from the stores of memory gathered by one who for a short time belonged to the "household of the hundred thousand." They are plain, unvarnished accounts of episodes and incidents which came within the line of his experience, and have been told with no pretence of military knowledge or assumption of literary style. And yet the language in which these stories are told glows with a fervour and imagination that give animation and a power of realisation to the scenes which, in spite of the years that have intervened, bring back to us all the agony and strife and terrible tragedy of the time. When one remembers, too, that the author is a clergyman by profession, the self-restraint of the style of

*The Song of the Rappahannock. Sketches of the Civil War. By Ira Seymour Dodd. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.25.

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narration and the self-forgetfulness of the writer in his stories and characters are the more remarkable. For many years Mr. Dodd has been in the habit of recounting his experiences, and I can remember one memorable summer day four years ago when the hours sped away only too fast as I listened with a thrill to the stories he had to tell of that direful period. It had never occurred to him to write out these memories—so sacred and so prized by the generations who have succeeded the fathers who fought and died for the national cause, and the mothers whose hearts bore the brunt of the sacrifice. Last summer, however, at the urgent request of some friends, Mr. Dodd wrote out the story which gives the book its title. It was sent to the editors of *McClure's Magazine* and accepted and published by them at once. Encouraged by this assurance the other stories soon followed, most of them appearing in the pages of *McClure's Magazine*. The sketches attracted a great deal of attention and brought the writer numerous letters from all parts of the country. The hearts of many people who had lost dear ones in the ranks of the great army have been especially touched by the tribute to the unconspicuous heroes who fell victims to the "Homeric deadliness of the war."

The quality of the author's imagination is at its best in "The Song of the Rappahannock," a sort of impressionistic *tour de force* of a most unique character. No one else, with perhaps the exception of Ambrose Bierce, has invested the scenes of the Civil War with such weird and sinister tones, and embued the subject with such a subtle fascination. If it were permissible to attribute much of the artistic effects produced by Stephen Crane in his *Red Badge of Courage* to the use of "colour," I should say that Mr. Dodd has most effectively used "sound" in the same way. The Song of the Rappahannock, silent for more than thirty years, responds to the awakening touch of the writer, and begins to hum in a fearful yet persuasive whisper; it rises to a burst of uncontrolled passion; it swells into a chorus of awful and discordant screams, mingled with thunderous and reverberating roar, yet always with one fateful burden, until it sobs itself into silence upon the last scene in the drama of Chancellorsville. The variations of the Song are registered with a marvellous range of expression until the recital resolves itself into a grand orchestration of tragic sport, and the Song becomes a Thing Incarnate. Words fail to give any idea of the skill and power of the writer displayed in the imaginative handling of this one sketch. I am tempted to quote his own words of prophecy in speaking of the visualising power by which he has made the actual scene, as he saw and felt it, live again on the page: "Once heard, the Song goes with you ever more, so that years afterward you will hear it in your dreams."

The other stories comprise "The Making of a Regiment," "The Household of the Hundred Thousand," "A Little Battle," "One Young Soldier," and "Sacrifice." Space will not permit me to speak of these although their treatment presents a most inviting aspect. I should like to say one word, however, for the closing sketch, which has done more to make me realise the ghastly losses and the awful sacrifice involved in the Civil War than any historical account that I have read. "As the living image of those choice spirits comes back to memory—and some of them were my dear friends—a significant picture weaves past and present together in imagination. Shadowy forms begin to shape themselves; they are phantoms of men in mature vigour, fitter than most of us who survive, and readier to go farthest and stay longest under the fire of that unending battle by which all true progress of our national life must be conquered. And then the picture slowly fades until only a great *vacancy* is left!"

As the record of a survivor of that intestine struggle which still lives in the memory of many who participated in it, *The Song of the Rappahannock* will command wide attention; as the tribute of one, who marched in the ranks, to the memory of those young recruits with whom he fought side by side, it will call forth admiration and deep gratitude. The book is one to be read, and when read it will make an impression that more pretentious works by more important writers have entirely missed.

James MacArthur.

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A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE note of the day is assuredly the revived interest in Dickens. That Dickens is more read now than at any time since he began to write goes without saying. There has been, however, a period of some fifteen years during which he has been depreciated by a large number of "superior persons." I am just old enough to remember as a boy the announcement of the death of Dickens, and the catastrophe made us children very miserable. In common with thousands, I mourned the loss of a personal friend. I have gone through all the ecstasy of Dickens-worship since then. I was in the very thick of it at the time, for I had not read half of the great writer's books when he died. The world of that day, I think, shared this enthusiasm with scarcely a dissentient voice: we small boys were not more proud of Dickens than were our parents. But those were by no means literary circles in which I mingled, and it may be that then—as long afterwards—there were a number of highly cultivated and well-read persons who thought Dickens vulgar, who called him a Cockney novelist, who declared that his pathos was maudlin and his humour extravagant.

Certainly I have met many such people of late years. I can recall the conversation of one brilliant maker of epigrams. "My dear boy," he said, with an air that settled the matter, "Dickens is the novelist of the vulgar. Thackeray, now, is what *I* call a great novelist." I suppose if you were to poll the literary critics who are now about fifty years of age or so, you would find that nine out of ten of them agree with my "superior" friend. Even George Eliot, I remember, in one of her essays said that Dickens would be quite unintelligible to another generation. That was before she had begun to write novels. Another generation has seen Dickens avenged. The middle-aged gentleman of to-day may still find Dickens vulgar, but the youth of the country is reading him as zealously as they read him in the sixties and the seventies. And not merely the youth that owes its education to Mr. Forster's Act—the youth that, no doubt, has given Dickens an enormous additional sale of late—but the youth of Oxford, the best and brightest intelligence of Young England, has lately joined the ranks of Dickens-worshippers.

What is going to be the most widely selling book of the year 1899 in England? Doubtless, the one entitled *In His Steps*, by Charles M. Sheldon. It is said that two million copies of this book have been sold in your country, and as it is not a copyright work, thirteen publishers, I am told, have issued the book in England. The best printed edition that I have seen is that by Messrs. Ward and Lock at half-a-crown. Mr. James Bowden, however, sells a copy at a penny, which is rather a trial to old eyes, but is certainly a marvel of cheapness considering that there are some seventy thousand words in the story. Some two hundred thousand copies of this edition, I believe, have already been sold.

The secret of the success of *In His Steps* is not hard to discover. The story is on the lines of Mrs. Lynn Linton's *Joshua Davidson*. It is, however, written by one with a wider business experience. The attempt, therefore, to fix the precise effect of struggling after ideals of Christian perfection in the commercial life of to-day contains a more popular note. A preacher in the town of Raymond—the name Raymond seems to have a persistency in fiction just now—arrives at the conclusion that his congregation are not living in the spirit of Christ, a conclusion at which clergymen, no doubt, frequently arrive in England as well as in the United States. He persuades some of the wealthier members of the church to endeavour to live for a whole year more in this spirit. The result produces

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something of a dilemma for many people concerned. The editor-proprietor of the principal newspaper in Raymond, for example, abandons his Sunday edition and his racing news. The merchant shares his profits with his employés—but the sequel must now be in the hands of everyone whom the story will interest. The book is not literature, and I do not think that it would be difficult to prove that some of it is actually immoral; but all these freaks of religious fervour require to be taken note of.

I notice that a reviewer in the *Academy* has raised considerable indignation by the suggestion that *John Halifax, Gentleman* has ceased to be a literary force. The retort is made by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, the publishers who copyrighted the book, that they have sold some twenty-four thousand copies during the year; and we learn that since the book has dropped out of copyright no less than nine different publishers have issued it with considerable success. The meaning of this is, of course, that one is not entitled to assume that a book is not being read when it has ceased to be talked about in so-called literary circles. That is not seldom the time when it reaches its high-water mark of success. The error of the *Academy* writer, however, lay in the assumption that John *Halifax, Gentleman* had ever been a literary force.

There are hundreds of books that go through certain processes, that are read "by everybody who is anybody" for a definite period, and are read a little later by that larger world that does not write in the newspapers, and seldom reads them. But it by no means follows that these books have been in any shape or form literary forces. *The Wide Wide World* and *Queechy* are cases in point. In the days of our grandfathers they were read by everyone; they have, it is probable, an even larger circulation to-day, but it is not quite the same audience. The same applies to *John Halifax, Gentleman,* a not too healthy book, which educated church and chapel-going people in the towns delighted to read when I was a boy. To-day this class reads Mrs. Humphry Ward's books, and equally modern authors. *John Halifax,* in the meantime, is being read by an audience in the country which would never have read it twenty years ago, an audience which would then have been shocked by the flattering picture of an actress even so great as Mrs. Siddons. But it is absurd to call such books as these "literary forces." Emerson and Carlyle, Ruskin and Ibsen are literary forces—not second-rate novelists, however popular.

The retirement of Dr. Richard Garnett from his position of Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum calls for particular notice. Dr. Garnett has for more years than I can remember been a most distinguished figure in the literary life of London. I well recall the variety of occasions on which one came across his name in association with one or other aspect of scholarship. Now it was as a translator from the Greek or the Latin, now as a translator from the Italian or the German. He wrote well concerning Shelley and Coleridge; concerning Carlyle and Emerson: of these and other great writers he had always something distinctive and individual to say. A good critic, with a good style, he was also a poet and a story-teller on his own account, and full justice has not yet been done to his *Poems* and to his *Twilight of the Gods.* When, at a later date, it became my privilege to know Dr. Garnett, I found that enormous scholarship and fine imagination were combined with one of the most genial and one of the most kindly of temperaments; that long years of wearisome questionings—the pathetic revelation of hundreds of poor and struggling readers in that great library, which could reveal so many tragedies of hunger and poverty—had in no way soured his beautiful nature. To be one of the greatest scholars in England, and to be at the same time one of the kindest and most accessible of men, is the honourable record which Dr. Garnett takes with him into his retirement. I am not without hope that this retirement may be made the occasion for a testimonial from literary England.

Mr. Ruskin was eighty years old on the eighth of February. We all wish him many more years of a serene old age, on the shores of that beautiful Coniston lake that he loves so well. As I write there is talk of a testimonial by his admirers. It is well known that Mr. Ruskin is not in sufficiently good health to take any very genuine pleasure in such a testimonial, were it on other grounds advisable. It is not advisable, because Mr. Ruskin has outlived those contemporaries from whom he would most have desired that kind of recognition—the great artists and the great men of letters who were in a way his equals. It was all very well to offer a testimonial to Carlyle, bearing the signatures of Tennyson,

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Browning, and a number of other giants. Although there are unquestionably names that might honourably be attached to such a testimonial to-day, we know very well from what occurred on Mr. George Meredith's last birthday that these occasions are now made use of only in order to enable a number of very second-rate literary people to advertise themselves. It is a case in which silence is preferable.

One of the literary events of the month pertains to the stage—a rare circumstance in this country. By the production of *Grierson's Way* at the Haymarket Theatre, Mr. H. V. Esmond has leaped at a bound to a place by the side of Mr. Pinero as one of our foremost dramatic authors. There has been no play so deserving of consideration since *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. The New Century Theatre Society, of which Mr. Massingham and Mr. Archer are, I believe, directors, may be congratulated upon the justification of the Society's existence, which this success implies. Mr. Esmond has printed a few copies of *Grierson's Way* for private distribution among his friends.

The following paragraph recently appeared in the London *Daily Mail:*

At last the grave of Keats, writes our Rome correspondent, is going to be looked after. It will be rescued from the shameful neglect in which it has lain for so many years in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome.

The headstone, with the famous inscription, will be placed in a better position to be seen; the ditch, which runs along two sides of the tomb, will be bridged to render access more easy to the numerous Anglo-Saxon pilgrims who yearly visit the venerated spot; shrubs will be planted, and other improvements made.

This is due to the initiative taken by Professor W. Knight, of St. Andrews University, who wrote an indignant letter to Professor Reynaud, which was submitted to the Roman municipality with the above commendable results.

It would be interesting to know whether the Rome correspondent of the *Daily Mail* has ever really taken the trouble to go to Keats's grave. I have seen Keats's grave twice within the last three years; I was there not so many months ago. It has never suffered from "shameful neglect," and cannot, therefore, be rescued from it. The grave of Keats and the grave of Severn are certainly in an isolated portion of the Protestant Cemetery, but there has always been a certain unkempt order about them, which could by no possibility give offence to any genuine admirer of Keats. The inscriptions are perfectly decipherable. The ditch which separates the graves from the roadway is already bridged, and to suggest that there are to be shrubs planted, and other "improvements" made, is one over which every lover of English poetry should shudder. Only very vulgar or very ignorant people would desire an alteration. Professor Knight, we are told, has addressed indignant letters to Professor Reynaud. Professor Knight, we know, holds the chair of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrews. I wonder what chair attached to an Italian university is held by Professor Reynaud? There is a "Professor" Reynaud who does duty as one of Cook's excursion guides to show tourists over Rome for a small fee—an excellent guide as I can testify, for the hurried visitor to the Eternal City. But the two professors—the Cook's guide and the moral philosopher—will do well to leave Keats's grave alone.

Mr. Andrew Lang is often supposed to be the slave of the adventure romance. Scott and Dumas, we know, are his heroes in the past, and to-day he is known to appreciate Mr. Stanley Weyman and Mr. Anthony Hope, rather than Mr. George Gissing and Mr. George Moore. I find him, however, in *Longman's Magazine* with a word of enthusiastic praise for Mr. Pett Ridge's *Mordemly*. Mr. Lang declares it to be "manly, reticent, sympathetic," and that its author "has more humour than all the widely advertised Poseidon Hickses of modern fiction." Mr. Pett Ridge, by the way, has written a new novel, entitled *The Breaker of Laws*, an entertaining and powerful story of a burglar who would be an honest man, but who finds the predatory instinct too strong for him.

The writer of "Books and Bookmen" in the *Manchester Guardian* deigns to inform us here in London that the house in which Charles Lamb wrote "The Old Familiar Faces" in Little Queen Street is about to be pulled down. A reference to so popular a book as Canon Ainger's *Life and Letters of Lamb* would have told this gossiper that the house in which Lamb lodged in Little Queen Street, and where his sister killed her mother in a mad frenzy, was pulled down years ago; and that it was not here, but in Chapel Street, Pentonville, in 1799, that the pathetic verses commencing "Where are they gone, the old familiar faces?" were written.

Clement K. Shorter.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. Part I. 1766-1776. By Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.00.

This first instalment of Sir George Trevelyan's work covers the time between the retirement of Fox from the Ministry in 1766 and the withdrawal of the British troops from Boston in 1776. In those ten years the War of Independence began and practically ended with the battle of Bunker Hill. For the rest of the history and the part that Fox played in it we must look to a future volume. In proposing to make his book at once a continuation of his Life of Fox and a History of the American Revolution, Sir George Trevelyan has greatly increased the artistic difficulties of his task. If it is true that the story of Fox between 1774 and 1782 is inextricably woven with the story of the American Revolution, it is no less true that Fox was not the protagonist in that drama. For the first eight years his figure is lost in the thickening tragedy. "He resigned his first place," says his biographer, "on what, by a very friendly interpretation, might be construed as public grounds." When in 1774 he comes on the scene again, prophetic, uttering passionate protest, it is as the leader of a chorus rather than as an actor; or if an actor, not a greater actor than Chatham or Burke or Franklin, not so great as Washington. But Sir George Trevelyan has overcome this difficulty like a true artist. Nothing even in his later chapters is more enthralling than the first, in which he takes up his hero's life where he left it off. Fox after his "career of joyous knight-errantry," Fox, the "political outlaw," the gambler and rakehell, with all his fascination and his faults—faults that were beyond the power even of *his* imagination to exaggerate—Fox with his "eager, anxious repentance," the man who said of himself "I am no hypocrite whatever I may be," is made so living to us from the outset that in his absence his extravagant individuality still dominates the book. Not only so, but the great events in which his individuality was merged are seen to help in the unfolding of his character, that transformation of which Sir George Trevelyan says that it "exceeds anything recorded in religious biography." The root of regeneration was in a man "who never knew what it was to be ashamed of that which at the time he was engaged in. For when Charles Fox became ashamed of anything, he left off doing it." At first the career of this man, who was to become the soul of the Opposition, was dubious. His early speeches were barely recorded. "For," to quote Sir George Trevelyan again, "Fox would as soon have thought of writing down what he was going to say as of backing a bill before it became due."

Nothing could be more admirably told than this story of the political battle. The Opposition was bound hand and foot. Though Horace Walpole compared it to a wet dish-cloth, all the wit, intellect, and principle were on its side, all the power in the hands of North, Bute, the Bedfords, and that august fool who sat on the throne. In vain Chatham lifted up a portentous voice, and Burke addressed the House in biblical language. All the eloquence in England and America was powerless against the impassioned imbecility of George III. He seems to have regarded the colonists's petition much as he regarded the proposal to raise a statue to Pitt, as "an offensive measure to me personally." In Sir George Trevelyan's words: "To his eyes the capital of Massachusetts was the centre of vulgar sedition, bristling with Trees of Liberty and strewn with brick-bats and broken glass; where his enemies went about clothed in homespun and his friends in tar and feathers." We are told with considerable force and irony how first the tax upon tea became a *casus belli;* how the ingenious and patriotic Bostonians made tea with salt water at Griffin's Wharf (of England's short-sighted policy at this juncture Sir George Trevelyan wittily observes that, if left to itself, "Before Parliament was many sessions older, America would have drunk the East India Company out of all its difficulties"); how the infamous Port Act reached Boston, together with "a parcel of Bibles and Prayer-books addressed to a clergyman in

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Philadelphia"; how the immortal Congress met amid a shower of sweetmeats, a "sinful feast," as John Adams called it, of fools, floating islands and whipped syllabubs (Philadelphia soon had other things to whip besides syllabubs); and how all the time a gulf, deeper than the Atlantic, of ignorance, misunderstanding, and alienation flowed between England and America. This drama of two worlds moves to its inevitable end with the swift sweep of tragedy; Sir George Trevelyan gives us the fire and soul of it; he rises with his theme. The most powerful pages in the book are those (from page 350 and onwards) which describe the battle of Bunker Hill and the storming of the redoubt, that day when, "whatever foolish and wrong things had been spoken before the event, there was no cruelty and no want of chivalry between men who had looked so close into each other's eyes." The characters live as they only live on the pages of great historians. Not only Fox and the men of his party, but John Adams, the second President, student and ascetic—Franklin, the "analytical philosopher," with his immortal irony and immortal youth—and Washington. The book is written throughout in Sir George Trevelyan's inimitable style, a style that with its light-hearted epigrammatic brilliance and sustained vigour is good both for the finer shades of character-drawing and the vivid painting of action.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES STEWART PARNELL. 1846-1891. By R. Barry O'Brien. New York: Harper & Bros. 2 vols. $2.00.

At the end of this careful, detailed biography, Parnell is as inexplicable as at the beginning. Yet the biography deserves the highest praise for its candour, its fairness, and the intelligence by which it judges the action of every party concerned in the Irish struggle. Still, the subject of it upsets all our calculations as to human nature. "Parnell was the most remarkable man I ever met," Gladstone said of him after his death. "I do not say the ablest; I say the most remarkable and the most interesting. He was an intellectual phenomenon." That is just it, a phenomenon, quite unexplained. Read this *Life*, and search all the other supplementary sources of information about him, and you will find no apparent preface to his achievement. He was untrained, ignorant, without experience, out of touch, save at one or two points, with his fellow-countrymen, and lacking the gift of speech. Yet at one bound he plucked the Nationalist movement out of the hands of men with ten times his intellectual equipment and public training, turned a weak, struggling, despised handful into a formidable band, shook two English parties to their depths, played with them, and made them suppliants for his favour. All his armour and weapons, at least at the beginning, were an invincible will and a supreme distrust of England. It is humiliating to both parties alike that the only man who wrung concessions out of them worth the name since O'Connell's time, was he from whom the utmost flattery could win nothing more than chill civility.

His consummate leadership was not merely shown in leading his battalion to attack. In dealing with his men singly, he seems to have exercised a kind of hypnotic influence. In difficulties arising between two or three he showed marvellous tact; and if he was consistently sceptical of the English, he was endlessly confident of the loyalty of his own band. For public ends he would coolly shove aside two or three men, to whom he had made overtures, in favour of one whom he found more suitable for some post or duty, and then invite the shoved aside to co-operate heartily with the man of his choice—which they did. By habit very courteous, yet, in a land of overflowing kindliness of expression as of deed, he let his gratitude for help, support, and devotion, be mostly taken for granted. His remarkable absence of self-consciousness, or of false shame, seems to point to a very simple or to an insensitive nature. But a survey of the whole career of the man makes it doubtful whether he was either one or the other. His ignorance, even on Irish subjects which he had not dealt with, was surprising. And he was willing to learn only if a short cut were shown him. Mr. O'Brien once told him some incidents in the struggle over Grey's Coercion Bill. "By Jove!" he would say, "that's good —and O'Connell, too! They are always holding O'Connell up to me as a model, but you make him out to be as bad as I am. Can I get all this in books? You see I am very ignorant. I am very quick, though, at picking up things!" Another observer was asked how Parnell knew anything about the Fenians, since he had never been a member of any organisation before his sudden plunge into public life. "How did he know anything?" was the reply. "By instinct. He knew nothing of the details of Fenianism. He hated details—all details. But he knew that Fenians were men who had run risks, and were ready to run risks again." He had no thirst for superfluous knowledge, and most knowledge

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was to him superfluous, and of course he had no literary interests. Once he was heard to wonder what was the use of poetry. A member of his own family, asked whether he had ever been known to read, said: "The only book I ever saw him read was that (pointing to Youatt's *The Horse*), and he knew that very well."

It is when his hold over his army was gone, when he was a man of broken reputation, fighting a battle against great odds, that his personality stands out most marvellously. The fight he made at the end wrung admiration from his bitterest opponents. Probably he died of the contest, but his spirit never broke. Shortly before his death a friend told him that the general election was likely to bring him back with the meagrest following. "Well," he answered, impassively, "if I do come back absolutely alone, one thing is certain, I shall then represent a party whose independence will not be sapped." Concerning his resignation, his attitude was ever, "I am a young man, and I will not go." He had made mistakes—Mr. O'Brien is candid about them—quite apart from the incident which wrecked his career, and which his biographer treats with a brief, blunt directness, which is discretion under its best form. His men got out of hand, and were not averse to English flattery. Perhaps negligence was not the only cause; he may have felt just how far he could control the way of life of his soldiers on a protracted campaign. And then, too, he had said from the beginning that the maintenance of an independent Irish party in the English House of Commons for any length of time was an impossibility.

The book is written by a hearty admirer, yet by an admirer with a naturally critical mind. It is not for one party more than another; such a life does not solely make appeal to politicians. To all students of human nature, to all intent watchers of human fate, is addressed this new version of the old tragic story of man's weakness, slowly, and without observation, wrecking the greatest bulwarks of his strength.

THE SPIRIT OF PLACE, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Alice Meynell. New York: John Lane. $1.25.

Mrs. Meynell's latest book of essays seems to us more perfect than her two former ones. What her admirers most admired, the care and distinction and concentration of her style, are displayed as fully as before; while these qualities exist along with a greater ease and a finer sense of proportion. Her extreme dislike of the obvious in expression is not growing. Her most aloof and solemn manner she now keeps for aloof and solemn things. Hardly ever will a reader, even one whom her style has not fascinated, be other than attentive and appreciative. She has disarmed him by a sense of growth and growing breadth. His combativeness can only pick out points of attack in the opinions, and it would be a poor, sleepy kind of book of essays that did not awake some contradication. If he be an artist or an observer of nature he will call in question her statement as to the effacement of colour on the horizon, true only for certain times of the day. He may puzzle over her definition—or is it a mere instance?—of "the ultimate test of the thinker" in the essay on "The Foot"; and even deny, save for the rarest instances, the assertion that children—keen observers of detail though they be—are possessed of the "spirit of place." He may even, but unwillingly—he would fain be on her side—combat such dainty dogmatism as this: "Lesser virtues may flower in daily liberty and may flourish in prose; but infinite virtues and greatness are compelled to the measure of poetry, and obey the constraint of an hourly convent bell." He may wonder at the saying, finding it where he does, that "style is the ignorance of secretings," and then thank her for knocking down a wall that hid the right entrance to a difficult subject. In "A Counterchange" alone will this critical reader be pulled up sharp to disagreement. According to his school, he may rejoice or grieve over her literary sympathies and antipathies here expressed; but surely he will feel glad—whether she be right or not respecting Swift's feelings for Mrs. Dingley—that she has made her opinion the occasion of uttering a more chivalrous and a truer conception of friendship both between men and women and women and women than any of the other commentators who have touched on the romance of the Dean's life. And now that we have named those sayings and passages which encourage contradiction or doubt, and are the more stimulating therefor, we sink back in hearty admiration and enjoyment of the dainty, distinguished, and most convincing remainder. Three essays must be named that crown the book by their beauty, those on "Rain," "The Horizon," and "Solitude."

ENGLISH LITERATURE. From the Beginning to the Norman Conquest. By Stopford A. Brooke. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

In the present volume Mr. Stopford Brooke offers at once a summary and a continuation of his larger work on *Early English Literature*. The student as such possibly gains by the

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compression; the facts are presented with less of atmosphere and proportion, but in closer and more compact array; the treatment, without being jejune, is relatively concise and severe. Yet we do not regard Mr. Brooke as one of those for whom it is profitable to be required to compress; a certain fiery exuberance in his nature demands scope and space to evolve and deploy; and when called upon (in the words of Keats's daring counsel to Shelley) to "curb his magnanimity," he does curb it indeed, but with a certain air of sadness and conscious restraint, like a wild bull yoked. But this does not prevent his account of Old English literature in this volume from being without question the most adequate account yet given of it, on the same scale, in English. The new topics of the present volume presented fewer opportunities to a historian of Mr. Brooke's temperament. Wessex is not Northumbria, and its sober, prose-making activities fall as far in imaginative suggestion below the epic heroism of the North as does its tender undulating landscape below the bleak wind-swept crag of Bamburgh and the lonely ruin of Holy Island. Alfred is without doubt the most ideal figure in the whole line of English sovereigns; yet who that ever sat down to write of him has not felt a secret irritation that one so full of genius, initiative and resource as he in war, in administration and in all civilising arts, should have been so wanting in originality when he held the pen? "In literature," as Mr. Brooke says, "he is either a plodder or a child." And in all that Mr. Brooke goes on to say, and excellently said it is, of the charm of childlike work, he seems to be not so much expressing a spontaneous and whole-hearted admiration, as finding answers wherewith to gravel a demon within him which persistently demands some touch of Celtic glamour and romance in the writing of this Anglo-Saxon champion of sweetness and light. Throughout the volume, indeed, the feeling for race and racial contrasts continually emerges; and nowhere perhaps has the theory which regards English literature as due to a happy union of Celt and Saxon, in which each supplemented the other's defects, been more luminously expounded. The volume is a valuable addition to the scholar's library; and its practical serviceableness is increased by an excellent bibliography of Anglo-Saxon literature by Miss K. Warren, founded upon Wülker's *Grundriss*, and indispensable to the English reader. We may also refer to the excellent translations of several verse-pieces in the Appendix.

THE SHADOWS OF THE TREES AND OTHER POEMS. By Robert Burns Wilson. New York: R. H. Russell. $1.50.

Among the more recent volumes of poetry, *The Shadows of the Trees* has attracted appreciative attention. This is by no means Mr. Wilson's first winning of an audience as a poet, but the present work is larger, more ambitious and perhaps more important than any poems published by him heretofore. In the present instance, however, the work lacks the unity which has characterised his earlier collections, so that it is difficult, almost impossible indeed, to speak of the volume as a whole. "My Lady Sleeps" and "The Old Garden," with their tenderness and beauty, are far from "The Piper of Dargai" and "Remember the Maine." Yet with a few exceptions the poems have the feeling characteristic of all Mr. Wilson's work with pen and with brush; a feeling that may be called longing for lack of an apter term. The unusual illustrations with which the volume is enriched are also probably the work of the artist-author. For while the pictures bear no discoverable signature, and there is no reference to the artist on the title-page, the subjects, the feeling and the method all seem distinctively those of Mr. Wilson.

FIRESIDE FANCIES. By Beulah C. Garretson Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

In *Fireside Fancies* we find the same old subjects that have been treated from time to time under so many different titles. There is the usual chapter on Adaptability, on Culture, on Friendship, on Men and Women, on Women and their Interests, on Females Unattached and Otherwise, and so forth. And here we may remark that we fail to see just where the author draws the line between women and females. The gods forbid that all unattached women should be "females"! However, she has much to say on the subject of women, and she says some things that are both sound and sensible. From the following passage one can see that she retains a friendly attitude towards man, and for this attitude we highly commend her:

"In time women will see how foolish they have been and how unwise is their desire to rule the universe and to oust man from his laborious position; they will then settle down quietly into their place in the world, which is certainly far from the position they have hitherto held, and it is to be hoped far from the one they apparently, at present, covet."

The chapters on "The First Snow" and "Castine" are rather out of place among these *Fancies*. This also might be said of the several split infinitives which caught our eye.

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NOVEL NOTES

THE TWO STANDARDS. By William Barry, author of "The New Antigone." New York: The Century Co. $1.50.

The Two Standards is distinctly not the work of a born novelist. Yet if the widest, the most intense interest in human life could make one, here we should find him. A dozen societies and coteries are described in detail—financial, fashionable, musical, evangelical, and many more. Company-promoters, littérateurs, spiritualists, Calvinists, operatic composers, prima donnas, and monks, play their parts in the front of the stage. We cannot admit that Dr. Barry is an artist, not even a good photographer. The scenic and personal details may be all right, but the grouping is often wrong, and the breath of life is not in the actors of the drama. The breath of life blows all round them, however, the breath of vital purpose. However shadowy they may be as personages, he makes it clear what they stand for, makes the contest in which they are struggling a real one, in which we take sides and watch the issue anxiously. *The Two Standards* is led up to by Dr. Barry's critical work. Of that it is not the culmination; it is the popular exposition of some of its conclusions. He is not only one of the ablest of our critics of literature and social life, but also one of the most universal. He holds very clear opinions; he distrusts many modern tendencies; he ranged himself with Nordau in condemning a great deal of the most characteristic literature of our age; had even something to say for Nordau's view that science might sweep the air clean from decadence—though he holds there is a better purifier. But Nordau often spoke of what he did not know. Dr. Barry is a profound student of European art and literature; if he condemns, it is with his eyes open to the beauties as to the dangers. He is also a keen critic of the modern social state, of the modern conditions of industrialism and of capitalism. The briefest definition of his position is that he is a Christian. Modern capitalism will not stand the Christian test. He has not elsewhere shirked the difficulties of substituting another system, but in this novel he has been content to show the deadening influence of all piling up of money, to show how the love of money is sering every blade in the field of life to-day. "The golden touch! It leaves nothing alive." And the whole of present existence he subjects to the same test—yet not harshly. He has so little sympathy with the kill-joys of the world that his presentation of Calvinism is something of a caricature. Amid the wayward adventures of his characters he is never censorious. But all life and its interpretation, art, must undergo the test. The two guides along the human track are impulse and law—here the reader understands the force of the book's title—and he is for law. "Life," said the Father at Monte Vergine, "is an art too complex for any rule but one. And that was the imitation of Christ." To a soul wandering amid the wilds of impulse he held up the *Exercises* of Loyola as a safe and reasonable guide. "They gave no promise of an idle or an empty day. The precision in which they insisted was the most modern thing in the book. Science, rather than literature. But the unconscious, the subconscious, where was it? Not dreams, it seemed to say, but algebra; spiritual, of course; yet how far removed from the reverie, the careless wandering, light and untrammelled, which Gerard Elven had indulged in, knowing that a sudden flash out of the cloud would bring music with it in rain, or thunder, or the rising wind!" Art was to come after, "when the foundation had been laid, the purifying expiation fulfilled. . . . It was still practice, not poetry; but the Via Illuminativa—the Way of Enlightment—deserved its name." And so his two chief strugglers, the woman of impulse and the creative artist, do—though not according to the plan of the Church, for this is not a propagandist novel—find in the end a guide and solace in law, and by its aid, the meaning of life. They as personages do not prove his case. Perhaps his case is not proved at all. But there is, at least, the presence of a mighty purpose in his book. The writer holds a position in which much study and searching have confirmed him.

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THE STORY OF OLD FORT LOUDON. By Charles Egbert Craddock. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

It seems at first glance as if Miss Murfree's new book should not be classed among the novels, but should be more seriously considered as an historical work. It is a romance certainly, yet it is set about so closely by fact that the effect is singularly real, and this is another striking reminder that truth is sometimes more romantic than fiction. The interest of the work is hardly so much in the beautiful story holding it together, as in the great historic events arising about the story as the walls of the fort tower above the little cabin of the young husband and wife. The famous soldiers who were then striving to win Tennessee from the wilderness, from the Indians, and from the French, are large, living, moving figures. The Indians also are strikingly individualised. Atta-Kneea-Kneea, with his complexity of character, in which craft, cruelty and a splendid magnanmity are curiously blended, will not soon be forgotten, and the scenes between the Cherokee King and the commander of Fort Loudon are particularly memorable.

The story itself stays in the memory. The impression of Odalie MacLeod, the beautiful girl-wife of the young Scotchman, is full of lasting charm. The dainty ways, the artistic tastes, high breeding and gentle rearing, which she brings with her into the wilderness, make an ideal home in the poor little hut under the fort's walls. The bewitching baby drawn in the author's inimitable manner of portraying childhood, the cat, the few small treasures of civilisation, the emery bag, the bits of ribbon, all go to the making of a picture of sweet, simple, domestic life, which is the more exquisite because of its dark, turbulent, tragic environment. Another fine effect of the work comes from the author's wonderful power as a landscapist. This is a notable feature of everything Miss Murfree has written, but it has hardly ever been so fully revealed as in *The Story of Old Fort Loudon*, which stands out against the beauty of the scenic description as the great Smoky Mountains show against the summit's rosy glow.

THROUGH THE TURF SMOKE. By Seumas MacManus. New York: Doubleday & McClure Co. 75c.

In this new volume as in the earlier ones which first won the author's English audience, the scenes and the types are of mountain-barred Donegal, where civilisation is not yet quite at home, where books are few, and where the teller of tales and the singer of songs still weave spells. In this isolated bit of the world the people strive with a surly sea and wrestle with a stony soil for a scanty living. Poor as paupers, hospitable as millionaires, the spirit, the wit, the imagination, the poetry glowing in many of the humblest is something that the greatest and richest might envy.

The stories told in *Through the Turf Smoke* make revelation of these characteristics. The wit naturally shows first, as is apt to be the case in most things Irish, yet the pathos follows close, as tears are always nearest to the most laughing Irish eyes. "The Counsellor" is foremost among the several illustrations of this mingling of humour and pathos. "May the soft bed, an' the sweet wan, in Paradise be his that niver forsook the poor an' the distressed." The greater part of the sketches, however, are pure and undimmed fun, and "Father Dan and Fiddlers Four" brings perhaps as much kind laughter as any. Of the more complicated, hinting at more sophisticated social problems than the environment would seem to suggest, "The Leadin' Road to Donegal" may be mentioned, and this story stands still farther apart from the rest in its very interesting reproduction of the music of the songs sung by the husband and the wife, pending the struggle as to which shall "mind the pig." Moreover, the story strikes something alarmingly like the note of universality —for it seems, notwithstanding its humble guise, very like the struggle going on between too many couples higher up in a wider world.

A WRITER OF BOOKS. By George Paston. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

Cosima Chudleigh, a "writer of books," had her first story published before she was graduated in the school of life's experience. She thought imagination and observation were sufficient, and expressed her astonishment when she was told that "You want to fall in love with the wrong man, to marry him, to have three or four children, to weary of him, to lose a child, to fall in love with the right man, to sacrifice everything for him, and finally be deserted by him. Then when you were faded and lonely, and disillusioned, and middle-aged, you might write a great novel. . . . If you haven't the intuition that comes from genius, you must live and you must suffer. Genius or not, no happy woman ever wrote a great novel." But the time came when she realised that there was a certain amount of truth in this statement. Her first entrance into life is through a boarding house in Lon-

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don, where all the people about her become so much "copy." She even submits to little love-making scenes from her neighbour at the table, who invites her to do many unconventional things under the usual guise of semi-paternal interest. She finds, however, that experiences of this kind will not help her literary career. So it is not until after she has lived some years with a husband for whom she has no love, and it is not until after she has met the man she could have loved, that she writes a book that is really worth while. The author's reasons for marrying her heroine to a man whom she does not love are well brought out, and Cosima's soliloquy upon the marriage service is worth quoting:

Surely, she reflected, this trivial little ceremony should only be the preliminary to a betrothal, while the wedding itself should occupy several days like a divorce case, the different stages of the proceedings should be reported in the public press and opportunity should be given to the contracting parties to withdraw at any moment, while the final joining of hands should be performed to the accompaniment of drums and trumpets, alarms and excursions. Such a proceeding would impress the awful nature of the act upon people's minds, and intending couples would hesitate at the publicity and expense, just as now husbands and wives often hold together rather than face the horrors of the divorce court.

Tom, the well-meaning but coarse husband, who has a trick of tuneless humming, and who reminds his wife of a "suburban train and a little black bag," is well drawn, and so is Bess, the proud and cynical stage beauty, who in many respects is the most notable character in the story.

ASHES OF EMPIRE. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50.

This novel is the third of a notable series dealing with the Franco-Prussian war and Commune—of which *Lorraine* is the first and *The Red Republic* is the second. The present work, though written last, really comes between, being the middle one of the series. As *Lorraine* begins with the gathering of the war-clouds and ends with the battle of Sedan, so the new story, *Ashes of Empire*, begins with the oncoming of the siege of Paris and ends with its war-sick surrender.

Both the stories preceding this in the order of publication were so strong and spirited as to justify high expectation of the volume which was to follow, but neither of them, good as they are, gave promise of the fineness, the delicate beauty of the present work. It is quite true that the ghastly, horrible environment of the story would seem at first glance to preclude fineness, delicacy and beauty, but, in fact, the blackness of the background brings the exquisite story into higher relief. The spirit of France's finest literary art finds expression in the conception and the description of the poor little home on the ramparts of Paris, the quaint old bird shop—the monkey and the lioness—among the birds and the two girls, as unworldly and as helpless as the birds. They are all fluttering and trembling together when the cannon of the siege begins to roar, and when the two young men—war correspondents—chance to find the little house and take up their abode therein. The argument of the story is as old as human nature, but it has rarely been better told. The character drawing is as fine and sharp as etchings, and again, as happens in life as in fiction, it is the more fallible who are most lovable. It is the erring, too, who hold the interest and sympathy most closely throughout. And yet the tone of the work is of the highest, and wholesome as well as tender.

The story, indeed, stands by itself, but its historical setting is finely wrought out. Some of the descriptions of the scenes and events of that time will be remembered; the work is altogether a memorable one.

FOR THE HONOUR OF A CHILD. By Beulah Downey Banks. New York: Continental Publishing Co. 75 cents.

This is a tenderly pathetic story, touched with tragedy; and not since the days of Lord Fauntleroy and his "Dearest" have we met with a daintier little person than this child for whose sake the mother bears and forbears so much. Margaret Laurence was a young and penniless girl when Fairfax Marmion fell in love with her, but because he too was poor he went away without having confessed his love to her. When he returns to his home some eight years later he finds that she is married to a wealthy Spaniard, and that a beautiful boy has been born to them. The child comes into his life like a ray of sunshine, and from the very first they are staunch friends, for he is such a brave, manly little fellow that no one can help loving him. He declares that he is afraid of no one, and when his nurse calls him in a certain severe tone, he says, "I am not even a weenty bit afraid of her. But it makes something inside me hurry up." He is his mother's "sweetheart," and he helps to compensate for her marriage to a passionate, jealous and unprincip'ed foreigner who subjects her to absolute torture, all of which she bears for the sake of the

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child. In this case, as in so many others, there can be no question of divorce where the mother love is pure and strong. The ending is not happy, to be sure, but the reader feels the influence of an ennobling love even in the face of circumstances which would ruin some women, and somehow the thought of the little "sweetheart" makes one reconciled to the tragedy of it all.

FLEXIBLE MORALS. By Ruth Louise Sheldon. New York: H. I. Kimball.

The title of this book suggests all sorts of possibilities, and after reading the very lengthy preface one might expect almost anything. But the story does not fulfill any great expectations. It is the old hackneyed theme of the woman who marries when a mere child, and who is first neglected and then deserted by her husband. A marriage of this kind is given as a just cause for "flexible morals" on the part of a woman, but somehow this particular woman and her "affairs" do not prove sufficiently interesting to warrant so many pages being written about her. Ruth Louise Sheldon certainly takes herself very seriously. She seems so intent upon thinking her own thoughts that she quite forgets that she is writing a novel and lets herself wander far away from her characters and her plot, taking us back to our original impression that the title stood for a collection of moral essays and not a story.

A CIRCLE IN THE SAND. By Kate Jordan. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.25.

In this story the author presents two distinct types of woman. One is a journalist, the "awakened" woman, who of course eventually writes a book, and the other a society butterfly, who is aptly described as "a woman with a thistledown conscience, a woman to pick the plums from life with soft, business-like fingers and an indifferent air—five-feet-five of radiant selfishness." The journalist becomes the comrade and friend of the editor of the newspaper on which she works, and she forthwith falls in love with him, while he in turn deliberately, and most unwisely, chooses for his ideal, and then for his wife, the pink and white being who represents to him the soft and clinging woman who always brings to a man's mind domesticity and maternity. But the pink and white beauty fails miserably as a wife. After her husband loses his money she goes on the stage, makes a failure of that, and finally dies in a foreign country far from the husband whom she has so selfishly deserted. Of course as soon as he becomes a widower his thoughts revert to the little comrade, and he finally decides that he loves her—in that calm and apathetic fashion, so far from complimentary to any woman whose nature demands the best that a man has to give. The awakened woman, however, is quite "awake" to the kind of love he has to offer and refuses to accept the remains. To learn just what she does accept one must turn to the book, which on the whole is a healthy and interesting story and well worth the reading.

TEKLA. By Robert Barr. New York: F. A. Stokes Co. $1.25.

Here we have, it seems to us, Mr. Barr's best work. In none of his stories of modern life have we found more reality than in this tale of mediæval Germany; in none such excellence of workmanship. Great pains and considerable study must have been devoted to the writing of *Tekla;* they have not made it heavy, and they have not been wasted. The plot will appeal to all romantic imaginations. The Emperor Rodolph, wandering in disguise through his dominions, finds a fair and charming lady in the house of the Archbishop of Trèves. He discovers that the fair lady and himself are both victims of his ambitious and disloyal vassal, and in the guise of a merchant he does his best to help her to escape, which leads him into dangers such as few Emperors ever ran. Tekla and the Black Count and the Archbishop stand out and speak out in the story with life in their eyes and in their voices.

DOCTOR SPHINX. By Caroline C. Walch. New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

Miss Walch has endeavoured to give in this rather bulky volume the impressions and experience of a young woman who is making her way in the world without influential friends and under the dual disability of a lack of training and an unusual amount of morbid conscientiousness. The story is very obviously drawn from the writer's own observation of life, and in this respect it differs from many other first attempts at fiction, whose writers endeavour to evolve their realism from their inner consciousness. With this, however, our commendation of the book must end, for its author's lack of literary technique and the general crudity and amateurishness of her literary manner prevent one from treating her work with any seriousness. She has really something that she is anxious to tell but she lacks entirely the ability to tell it, and even the realities of life as she has set them forth take on the air of unrealities.

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THE BOOK MART

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS IN 1895-1898

An esteemed subscriber in Madison, New Jersey, has compiled a tabulated list of the best selling books for each year of The Bookman's existence, beginning with 1895. These tables of successful titles and authors have been drawn from the lists appearing every month in this department; and although these lists must be regarded as largely arbitrary, it may be claimed that the results are fairly approximate and represent the books that are most popular at the time. We have found Dr. W. H. Martin's compilation of decided interest; it has enabled us to present the following summary of the six best selling books during 1895-98. The figures opposite the titles indicate the number of times each book has been quoted on the lists of the six best selling books for the period under survey.

The best selling books in 1895:

1. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren..... 186
2. Trilby. By George Du Maurier.... 62
3. The Adventures of Captain Horn. By Frank R. Stockton..... 57
4. The Manxman. By Hall Caine..... 55
5. The Princess Aline. By R. H. Davis. 43
6. Chimmie Fadden. By E. W. Townsend 42

The best selling books in 1896:

1. The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker..... 81
2. A Lady of Quality. By Frances Hodgson Burnett..... 79
4. Tom Grogan. By F. Hopkinson Smith 76
4. A Singular Life. By Elizabeth S. Phelps 72
5. The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic..... 67
6. The House Boat on the Styx. By J. K. Bangs..... 65

The best selling books in 1897:

1. Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz..... 259
2. The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen 163
3. Soldiers of Fortune. By R. H. Davis. 130
4. The Christian. By Hall Caine..... 87
5. On the Face of the Waters. By Flora A. Steele 76
6. Phroso. By Anthony Hope..... 60

The best selling books in 1898:

1. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. 90
2. Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 88
3. Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz.... 87
4. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward..... 80
5. Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope 79
6. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin..... 76

The best selling books for the four years, 1895-98:

1. Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz..... 367
2. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren..... 229
3. The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen 196
4. Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 144
5. Soldiers of Fortune. By R. H. Davis. 134
6. The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker..... 117

A computation of the number of times an author has appeared on the lists during the four years, gives the following results:

	No of Books.	Times Quoted.
1. Ian Maclaren.....	9	410
2. Henryk Sienkiewicz...	5	382
3. Anthony Hope.....	13	352
4. James Lane Allen.....	5	303
5. Richard Harding Davis.	9	299
6. Gilbert Parker.....	10	203

The number of books quoted twice or more during the four years was 491; only once in one year, but quoted in other years 37; and only once altogether during the four years 461; making the total number of books quoted 989.

Twenty-two per cent. (22%) of the total number of authors quoted were women.

EASTERN LETTER

New York, March 1, 1899.

Notwithstanding the promising announcements for February, the month's publications have not been remarkable either in numbers or importance. *The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett* was at once in good demand, and the sale has continued exceptionally strong for so expensive a work; it is undoubtedly the most prominent work of the month. The list of titles on the subjects and places connected with the recent war was materially increased. *The Maine*, by Captain Charles D. Sigsbee; *Campaigning in Cuba*, by George Kennan; *The Porto Rico of To-day*, by Robert Gardner Robinson, and *The Fight for Santiago*, by Stephen Bonsal,

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being notable additions to this class of literature. Fiction of the month included *A West Point Wooing*, by Clara Louise Burnham; *A Hungarian Nabob*, by Maurus Jokai; *Swallow*, by Rider Haggard, and *Ragged Lady*, by William Dean Howells, all of which are likely to be saleable.

There is a noticeably increased demand for Mr. Kipling's works, occasioned no doubt by the prominence given him by the daily papers during his illness. *The Day's Work* is most sought for, while *The Jungle Books* and *Barrack-Room Ballads* sell readily. In addition quite a number of small and most attractive editions of *The Recessional, The Vampire, The Betrothed*, etc., are selling very well.

David Harum is unquestionably the leading seller, at present increasing daily in demand; a demand which the publishers have been unable to meet fully to date. *Red Rock* and *When Knighthood was in Flower*, are two other titles exceeding the expectations of their respective publishers, being temporarily out of print.

A considerable number of novels are just at present showing exceptional staying qualities in these days of short-lived popularity; notably *The Battle of the Strong, The Gadfly, Prisoners of Hope* and *Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow.*

Mr. Dooley has fallen off somewhat although still in good demand. *Young Mistley*, by Henry Seton Merriman, is selling better as it becomes known, and thus shows the shrewdness of the publishers in reprinting an old book by a now favourite author.

There are at present no unusual features, business being along the customary lines for this season of the year. Sure signs of spring are noticeable in the annual revival of the paper covered books, of which *The Altar of Life*, by May Bateman; *Infatuation*, by B. M. Croker, and *John Marmaduke*, by Samuel Harden Church, are recent issues.

The announcements for March are interesting, and include new works by such well-known authors as George W. Cable, S. R. Crockett, Gertrude Atherton and Amelia E. Barr. Two seasonable books will be *How to Know the Ferns*, by Mrs. Dana, and a new book on wild flowers by E. M. Hardinge.

Trade generally for the month has been of good volume, mostly in the popular books of the day; new works, library purchases, and a fair demand for text books continues.

The leading titles are listed below in their order of sale, and consist mostly of fiction, and with several changes from last month:

David Harum. By Edward Noyes Westcott. $1.50.

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

The Battle of the Strong. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

Red Rock. By T. Nelson Page. $1.50.

Young Mistley. By H. S. Merriman. $1.25.

Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. $1.25.

When Knighthood was in Flower. By Edwin Caskoden. $1.50.

Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

The Open Question. By C. E. Raimond. $1.50.

The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. $1.25.

The Hon. Peter Stirling. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.

Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome K. Jerome. $1.25.

Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett. 2 vols. $5.00.

Ragged Lady. By W. D. Howells. $1.50.

With Kitchener to Khartum. By G. W. Steevens. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER

CHICAGO, March 1, 1899.

The extreme cold weather which prevailed at the beginning of last month was not favourable to business. Yet the demand was well sustained, and trade was fairly brisk right through the month.

New books, especially in fiction, are being constantly inquired for, and the long list of publications scheduled for issue this month should find a ready market. It is singular how the appetite for new books increases, the query "Where are your newest books?" being one that is constantly heard in the stores, and with many customers the fact that a book is "just out," is a great inducement toward their buying it.

The call for *Cyrano de Bergerac* comes now mostly from the country, the city demand having fallen off considerably since the departure of the play.

When a book that has enjoyed unqualified success during the autumn and winter, commences the spring season in quite the front rank of the best selling books of the day, a good deal may be expected, of its saleability during the rest of the year. Such a book is *When Knighthood was in Flower*, which is selling to-day better than it ever did. The sale of the work illustrates well the value of a good title, this having been a most important factor in its success.

The demand for *Aylwin* is still on the increase.

The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, which reached the trade last month, was the most important book of its kind. Browning literature is always welcome and finds a ready sale. *The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll* was also received at the same time, and the demand for it is likewise very active. Speaking generally, works of this class are being bought more largely every year.

In fiction the most noteworthy book published was Mr. W. D. Howells's *Ragged Lady*. This should sell well during the coming months, as the demand for Mr. Howells's works, especially his later books, shows a steady increase. *A West Point Wooing*, by Mrs. C. L. Burnham, is also being called for extensively. Upon the whole, the books published last month were very successful in point of sale.

The usual spring interest in technical books, especially those on building, engineering, etc., is just commencing, and it looks as if the demand might be heavier than usual this year.

War literature received some notable additions last month, of which the chief were, *The Sinking of the Merrimac*, by Lieutenant Hobson, and *The Maine*, by Captain Sigsbee. Apart

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from such books as these, however, which possess peculiar interest, the demand for war books was not very pronounced.

David Harum is at present the book of the hour, and is enjoying the benefit of almost as much free advertising as *Trilby* received.

The demand is still exceedingly good for last season's successful books; and *The Day's Work, The Battle of the Strong, Red Rock, Rupert of Hentzau, Penelope's Progress, Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow, Afterwards, The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys,* and *Mr. Dooley,* are selling exceptionally well.

The total destruction last month by fire of the stock of Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company, the great supply house here for Western trade, was the cause, for a time, of a serious disruption in both local and country business. The house, however, although in limited temporary quarters, is now in working order again, and in a position to serve the needs of the West as promptly as heretofore.

The leading books in point of sale last month were:

David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. $1.50.
Cyrano de Bergerac. By E. Rostand. 50 cents and $1.00.
Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. $1.25.
When Knighthood was in Flower. By E. Caskoden. $1.50.
The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.
The Battle of the Strong. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
Ragged Lady. By W. D. Howells. $1.75.
Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome K. Jerome. $1.25.
Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.
The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys. By Ginelma Zollinger. $1.25.
Aylwin. By Theo. Watts-Dunton. $1.50.
The Heart of Denise. By S. Levett Yeats. $1.25.
The Sinking of the Merrimac. By Lieut. Hobson. $1.50.
The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson J. Hudson. $1.50.
A West Point Wooing. By C. L. Burnham. $1.25.
The Gadfly. By E. Voynich. $1.25.
Red Rock. By T. Nelson Page. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER

LONDON, Jan. 23 to Feb. 18, 1899.

The state of trade during this period has been satisfactory. The reopening of the schools caused the usual demand for educational works, and the trade in fiction and general literature has left little to complain of, although more would always be welcomed. Business with foreign countries and the colonies goes on steadily, varying little save in the late summer and autumn, when it usually improves.

Even the advent of Lent has not checked the sale of works of fiction, and the six-shilling novel pursues its merry career. The favourites are *Aylwin, Concerning Isabel Carnaby,* and *The Forest Lovers* and the others in the appended list are selling freely. The stir in Church matters has further stimulated the sales of *The Secret History of the Oxford Movement,* and Father Chiniquy's *Fifty Years in the Church of Rome* is again being inquired for.

There is a slight lull in patriotic literature, but perhaps the issue of a sixpenny edition of *With Kitchener to Khartum,* which is to appear immediately, will give it a fresh start. The most remarkable event in the trade has been the wonderful demand for C. M. Sheldon's works. *In His Steps* is the leading one, and several others are being disposed of in enormous quantities. It is stated that two millions have been sold in this country in three months, which is quite within the mark. The prices vary from a penny to 3s. 6d.

The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett have been well received, as was to be expected.

The sale of Lenten Manuals is a moderate one; small compared with former years. Body's *Guided Life* is in fair request.

The interest still manifested in the Dreyfus case is reflected in the sales of F. C. Conybeare's book on the subject, large numbers of the work having been sold.

The most notable feature in the school-book trade has been the continued popularity of Dr. Meiklejohn's series, especially his Geography, English History, and English Language. These have outstripped all competitors.

There is no change to report among magazines. The usual proportion of moribund periodicals came to an end with the December issue, and there are no new ones worth mention, at least so far as their sales are concerned.

The appended list may be taken as a fair index of the public taste in literature at the moment of writing:

The Forest Lovers. By M. Hewlett. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Open Question. By C. E. Raimond. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Aylwin. By T. Watts-Dunton. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Mollie's Prince. By R. N. Carey. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Fatal Gift. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Red Rock. By T. N. Page. 6s. (Heinemann.)
A Mayfair Marriage. G. Hamilton. 6s. (Richards.)
Ashes of Empire. By R. W. Chambers. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Day's Work. By R. Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Two Standards. By W. Barry. 6s. (Unwin.)
Infatuation. By B. M. Croker. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)
The Vision Splendid. By F. Bright. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Castle Inn. By S. J. Weyman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Old Chester Tales. By M. Deland. 6s. (Harper.)
Secret History of the Oxford Movement. By W. Walsh. 3s. 6d. net. (Sonnenschein.)
Letters of R. Browning and E. B. Barrett. 2 vols. 21s. (Smith, Elder.)

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The Dreyfus Case. By F. C. Conybeare. 3s. 6d. (G. Allen.)
The Guided Life. By G. Body. 1s. (Skeffington.)
Recent Advances in Astronomy. By A. H. Fison. 2s. 6d. (Blackie.)
Dream Days. By K. Grahame. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)
Meiklejohn's English History, Geography, and English Language. 4s. 6d. each. (Holden.)
Fifty Years in the Church of Rome. By Father Chiniquy. 3s. 6d. (Banks.)
Sheldon (C. M.), In His Steps, and other works. (Various publishers.)
Life of Shakespeare. By S. Lee. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

New books in order of demand, as sold between February 1, 1899, and March 1, 1899.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN

1. David Harum. Westcott. (D. Appleton & Co.) $1.50.
2. Browning Letters. (Harper.) $5.00.
3. Red and Black. Stendhal. (Brentano.) $1.25.
4. Young Mistley. Merriman. (Mackel & Co.) $1.25.
5. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN

1. Young Mistley. Merriman. (Mackel & Co.) $1.25.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton & Co.) $1.50.
3. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Open Question. Raimond. (Harper Bros.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Young Mistley. Merriman. (Mackel & Co.) $1.25.
3. Mr. Dooley. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
4. Forest Lovers. Hewlitt. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Letters of Lewis Carroll. Collingwood. (Century.) $2.50.
6. Little Minister. Barrie. (Russell.) $2.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Cyrano de Bergerac. Rostand. (Doubleday & McClure.) 50 cents.
3. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Battle of the Strong. Gilbert Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Shadows on the Wall. Howard Weeden. (Allison.) $1.00.
6. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Young Mistley. Merriman. (Mackel & Co.) $1.50
2. Old Chester Tales. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure.) $1.50.
4. Moriah's Mourning. R. McE. Steuart. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Open Question. Raimond. (Harper.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (D. Appleton & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure.) $1.50.
3. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Gadfly. Voynich. (H. Holt & Co.) $1.25.
5. With Kitchener to Khartum. Steevens. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
6. Aylwin. Watts-Dutton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. (D. Appleton & Co.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. By E. Caskoden. (The Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Day's Work. By Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
5. The Battle of the Strong. By Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys. By Zollinger. (A. C. McClurg & Co.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Open Question. Raimond. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Anglo-Saxon Superiority. Edmound Demolins. (Fenno.) $1.00.
6. The Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Dooley. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
3. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Tekla. Barr. (Stokes.) $1.25.

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DETROIT, MICH.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (D. Appleton & Co.) $1.50.
2. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Open Question. Raimond. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
5. With Kitchener to Khartum. Steevens. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
6. Red Axe. Crockett. (Harper.) $1.75.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure.) $1.50.
3. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Story of Fort Loudon. Craddock. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Dooley. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure.) $1.50.
6. The Gadfly. Voynich. (Holt & Co.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Anglo-Saxon Superiority. Edmound Demolins. (Fenno.) $1.00.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Peeps at People. Bangs. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. Battle of the Strong. Gilbert Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

MONTREAL, CANADA

1. Life of Prof. Henry Drummond. (Revell.) $2.00.
2. The Day's Work. Kipling. (G. N. Morang.) $1.50.
3. Afterwards. Ian Maclaren. (Revell). $1.25.
4. Concerning Isabel Carnaby. Fowler. (Toronto News Co.) 50 cents.
5. Young Mistley. Merriman. (Geo. J. McLeod.) 50 cents.
6. The Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Copp-Clark.) $1.25.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Wire Cutters. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Roden's Corner. Merriman. (Harper.) $1.75.
5. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure.) $1.50.
6. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (D. Appleton & Co.) $1.50.
2. Two Standards. Barry. (Century.) $1.50.
3. Poems. Realf. (Funk.) $2.50.
4. The Open Question. Raimond. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA PA.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Dooley. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
4. Open Question. Raimond. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Pemberton. Peterson. (H. T. Coates & Co.) $1.50.
6. Little Minister. Barrie. (Russell.) $2.50.

PORTLAND, OREGON

1. The Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure.) $1.50.
2. The Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Cyrano de Bergerac. Miss Hall's trans. (Doubleday & McClure.) 50 cents.
5. With Kitchener to Khartum. Steevens. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Castle Inn. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Castle Inn. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
5. Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll. Collingwood. (Century.) $2.50.
6. The Philippine Islands. Worcester. (Macmillan.) $4.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (D. Appleton & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure.) $1.50.
3. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Dooley. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

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ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Dooley. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
3. Battle of the Strong. Gilbert Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Rupert of Hentzau. Anthony Hope. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. Cuban and Porto Rican Campaign. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

1. The Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure.) $1.50.
2. The Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
4. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Open Question. Raimond. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Hawaii Nei. Mabel Craft. (Doxey.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton & Co.) $1.50.
3. Tekla. Barr. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
5. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Roden's Corner. Merriman. (Harper.) $1.75.

TOLEDO, OHIO

1. Cyrano de Bergerac. Rostand. Several different prices.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Open Question. Raimond. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA

1. Young Mistley. Merriman. (Geo. J. McLeod.) 50c. and $1.25.
2. Concerning Isabel Carnaby. Fowler. (Toronto News Co.) 50c. and $1.00.
3. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Morang.) 75 cents and $1.50.
4. A Fleet in Being. Kipling. (Macmillan.) 35c. and 50c.
5. Sister to Evangeline. Roberts. (Morang.) 75c. and $1.50.
6. With Kitchener to Khartum. Steevens. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75c. and $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA

1. With Kitchener to Khartum. Steevens. (Copp-Clark Co.) Paper, 75c.; cloth, $1.50.
2. The Red Axe. S. R. Crockett. (Copp-Clark Co.) Paper, 75c.; cloth, $1.50.
3. The Battle of the Strong. Gilbert Parker. (Copp-Clark Co.) Paper, 75c.; cloth, $1.25.
4. The Castle Inn. Stanley Weyman. (Copp-Clark Co.) Paper, 75c.; cloth, $1.25.
5. The King's Rivals. E. N. Barrow. (Copp-Clark Co.) Paper, 50.; cloth, $1.00.
6. Windyhaugh. Graham Travers. (Copp-Clark Co.) Paper, 75.; cloth, $1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZONA

1. The Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure.) $1.50.
2. Wolfville. Lewis. (F. A. Stokes Co.) $1.50.
3. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Adobeland Stories. Verner Z. Reed. (R. G. Badger & Co.) $1.00.
5. The Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Dooley. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

WACO, TEXAS

1. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure.) $1.50.
4. The Gadfly. Voynich. (H. Holt & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Cyrano de Bergerac. Rostand. (R. H. Russell.) $1.00.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (D. Appleton & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Open Question. Raimond. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The City Wilderness. Woods. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Young Mistley. Merriman. (A. Mackel & Co.) $1.25.
5. Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll. Collingwood. (Century Co.) $2.50.
6. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. David Harum. Westcott. (D. Appleton & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
3. The Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. (Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Dooley. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

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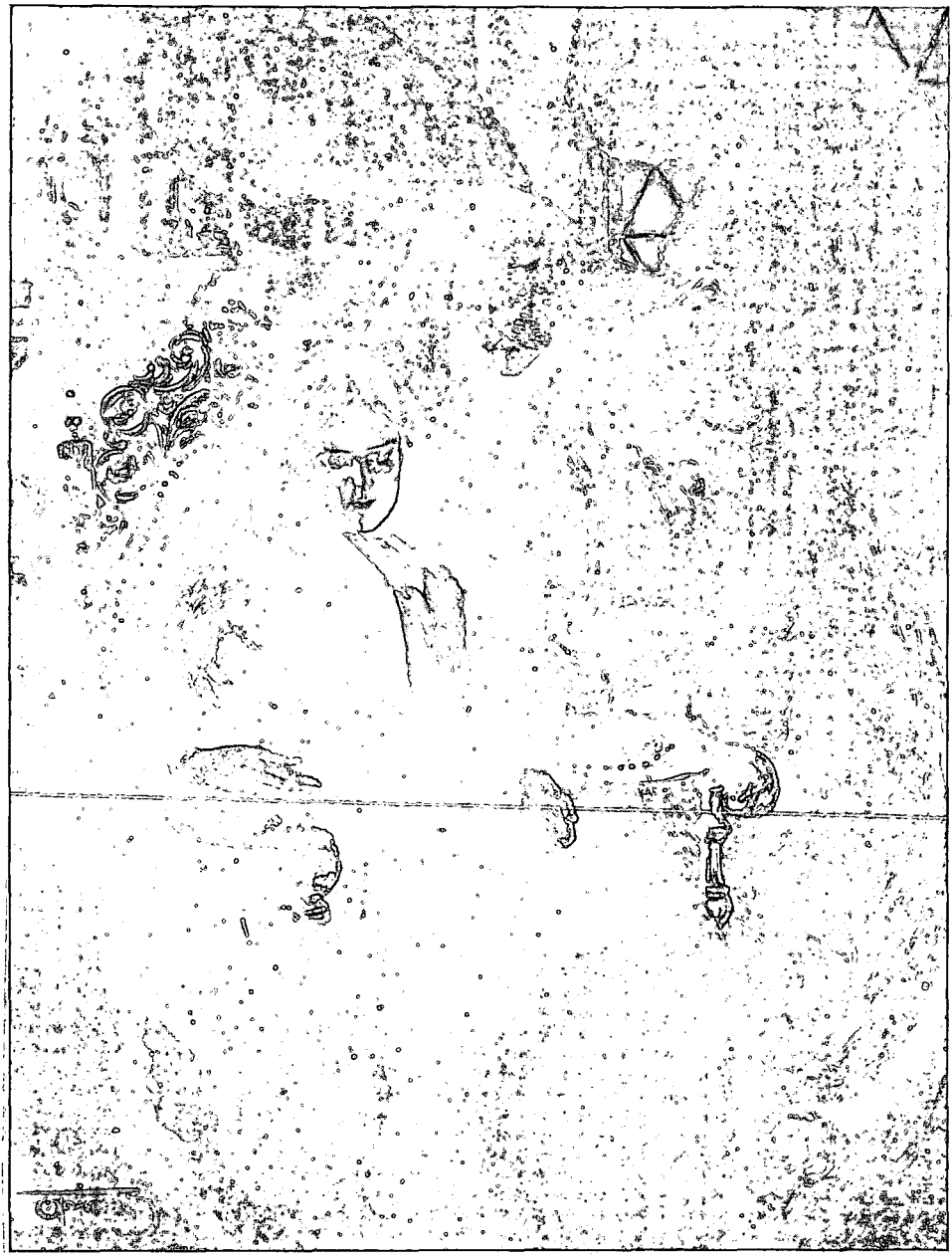

Drawn by O. Toaspern.

WAITING.

In youth a woman loved and lost—
The years passed by, then Death
Breathed upon her trembling lips
With his chilling breath;
"Thy kiss is joy," she softly said,
"Thy coming life—I've long been dead."

E. Scott O'Connor.

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